

COLLECTION
OF

Several POEMS and VERSES,

Composed upon Various

OCCASIONS.

By Mr. WILLIAM CLELAND,
Lieutenant Collonel to my LORD
ANGUS's Regiment.



Printed in the year M. DC. XCVII.

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By MR. WILLIAM CLELAND,

Esq. Lieutenant Colonel in the

Argyll's Regiment.

Printed in London, by J. KNOX,



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OF
Several POEMS and VERSES, &c.



An ADDITION to the Lines of
Hollow my Fancie;
*Written by him the last Year he was at the
Colledge, not then fully 18 Years of Age.*

IN conceit like Phaeton
I'll mount Phœbus Chair;
Having ne'te a Hat on,
All my Hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the Air;
Fain would I hear his fiery Horses neighing;
And see how they on foamy Bits are playing;
All the Stars and Planets I will be surveying;
Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?
O from what ground of Nature;
Doth the Pelican,
That self devouring creature,
Prove so froward,

A

And

And untoward,
 Her Vitals for to restrain!
 And why the subtle Fox, while in death
 (wounds is lying
 Doth not lament his pangs, by howling and
 (by crying
 And why the milk white Swan doth sing
 (when she's a dying

Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Pain would I conclude this,
 at least make an Essay,
 What similitude is,
 Why Fowls of a feather,
 Do flock and fly together,
 and Lambs know Beasts of prey;
 How Natures *allobyns*, these small laborers
 (our creatures
 Acknowledge still a Prince in ordering their
 (matter
 And suffers none to live, who nothing lose
 (their Features

Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

I'm rapt with admiration,
 when I do ruminate,
 Men of one Occupation,
 How each one calls him brother,
 Yet each envieth other
 and yet still intimate;
 Yea I admire to see, some Natives farther sundred
 Then *Antipodes* to us, is it not to be wonder'd
 In Myriads ye'll find of one mind scarce a
Hollow, &c. (hundred

(5)

What multitude of Notions,

doth perturb my Fate,

Considering the motions,

How Heavens they are preserved,

And this World served,

in Moisture, Light, and Heat:

If one Spirit sits the outmost Circle turning,

Or if one turns another, continuing in jour-

(neying,

If Rapidcircles motion, be that which they

(call burning;

Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain also would I prove this,

by considering,

What that which you call Love is,

Whither it be a Folly,

Or a Melancholy,

or some Heroick thing:

ain. would I have it proved, by one whom

(Love hath wounded,

nd fully upon one, their desire hath founded,

hat nothing else could please them, tho the

(World were rounded,

Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

To know this Worlds Center,

Height, Depth, Breadth, and Length,

Fain would I adventure,

To search the hid Attractions,

Of Magnetick actions,

and Adamantick strength:

A 2

Fain

(6)

Fain would I know if in some lofty Mountain,
Where the Moon sojourns, if there be Trees
(Or Fountain,
If there be Beasts of prey, or yet fields to hunt in,

Hollow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I have it tried,

by Experiments,

By none can be denied,

It in this bulk of Nature,

There be voids less or greater,

for all remains compleat:

Fain would I know if Beasts have any Reason

If Falcons killing Eagles, do commit a Treason

If fear of Winters want, makes Swallows fly

Hollow, &c.

(the Season

Hollow my Fancie, hollow,

stay thou at home with me,

I can thee no longer follow,

Thou hast betray'd me.

And bewray'd me,

it is too much for thee:

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy

(lofty soaring

Stay thou at home with me, and on thy

(Backs be poring

For he that goes Abroad, layes little up in

(storing

Thou's welcome home my Fancie, welcome home

(to me

FINIS.

(2) 7
A
Mock POEM,

Upon the
EXPEDITION
Of the
Highland-hoſt:

*Who came to deſtroy the Western Shires,
in Winter 1678.*

When *Saturn* ſhakes his ſcroſſie feathers;
When *Ruſſia* Garments are rough
(leathers;
When *Dutch* Dames over Stoves do chatter;
When Men dry-shoo'd travell the water:
When *Popiſh* partie invocats,
Both Saints and Angels, when their pats,
While they want *Weights* of Air and Earth,
May be repay'd with water's birth:
E're *Trouts* begin to move their finnes,
While *Fanns* give place to black dog ſkines;
Which

Which at that time as some suppose,
 Are fittest farr for Ladies noses.
 Which tho their natural Sent be brusk;
 They're help'd with Case dirt, and with Musk;
 Because that *Spaniards* endeavour
 To take their Marks from evil hours.
 It was not long from that time, when
 The chaffe and tossed *Western-men*,
 Were dissipat at *Pittland fells*,
 By *Devils*, *Drummonds*, and *Dalzell*.
 When Veals for Rarities are told,
 And when young Ladies catcheth cold;
 This season lure works strange Effects,
 Upon their naked breasts and necks.
 But pardon me, it is ill breeding,
 To touch the Modes of Ladies Cleeding;
 Hence I'll not do the like again,
 Tho they wear nothing but their skin.
Comets raig'n'd above the City,
 Preachers prilon'd without pittie;
 Some knut up for wearing Gunces;
 Wine was drunken out in Tunes.
 Next with blasphemie and rude speeches,
 New coin'd scurvies vex the Leidges,
 Ladies Heckl'd, and Lords Horn'd,
 Some for lending Money scorn'd:
 Men fin'd for preventing murders,
 Princes owning *Bishops* Orders:
Cyrats swearing by their Gowns,
 Old *French* Taylours ruling Towns.

Tho

Tho it be so, ye need thinke nought of it,
 They best deserv'd; who dearest thought in
 Self Defenders termed Rebels,
 Proclamations, grievous Libels,
 Majors turning Hang-mens mates,
 Sentries watching Bishops gates,
 Lawyers words, their Writs betraying,
 Councils Acts, their Oaths betraying,
 Bonds imposed, prisons intended,
 Men suspect who nev'r offended,
 London Letters all revolving,
 Placuit each Querie solving,
 Councils Acts amounting to,
 What ever Parliaments could do,
 Lords and Souldiers Sundays work,
 To robb the people of the Ark,
 Commons chaf'd from Ploughs and Harrows,
 Gentry charged with Laborsows,
 While none appeareth for to wear,
 That they their goods or bodies fear,
 Yet the Gentry must enact them,
 Or else they'll horn them, & then take them:
 Plundering and Delolations,
 Men imprison'd for Relations,
 Horse in hazard of Thieves holls,
 Because they were not learn'd when Foals,
 To answer, and to tell whole aught them,
 It seems they wanted Art who taught them.
 Gentlemen of Good Account.
 Might not think it an affront,

To sit with Louſie Rogues together,
 Yea ſtand and ſerve their Foot-mens Brother,
 New made Earls, and ſome that
 Are judged, *nihil ſignificat*,
 With a pack of Redſhank-Squires,
 Eating up the *Western-ſhires*,
 Plundering without reſtrains
 Even perſons known for innocent,
 Stewes and Maſſes nothing checked,
 Nought but *Peeſbytrie* rebuked,
 Women of their ſhame bereaft,
 It's feard a *Highland brood* be left,
 Who afterward may ſtarve for want,
 While thus they make the *Viſtual ſcant*?
 Clergies Acts, and Cannon Law,
 Put on cartes for horſe to draw,
 Cables towes, Ligure chiſts,
 Manackles for thumbs and fiſts,
 Powder, Lead, Spads, and Shovels,
 To cover the dead with turffes and muiles,
 And to caſt up ſome ſheughs and Ditches,
 Steel capes, Armour and Buſt Breetches,
 Cords for wreaking peoples throats
*German*s for contriving plots,
 Durks to ſtop in Muſquets end,
 Pray, What may all this portend
 With all ſuch other Provenient,
 As was to *Greece* by *Xerxes* lent.
 And if ye pleaſe all ſuch proviſion,
 As was for *Godfrey's Expedition*:

(III)

But here my fancie's at a stance;
Are we to have a Warr with France?
Yet I'm inclined to relate,
What things concerning Church and State
Was gravely by the Squire narrate,
Before the Host when they were met.
What was the cause of such conventions?
What was their aim and their intentions?
VVhat was that grievous Proclamation,
That did affront the King and Nation?
We need not stay to tell the place,
Where they were charg'd to met his Grace
Because their flight was from the North,
It was near to the River Forth.
I must commend their Trust and Faith,
For in an instant, as some saith:
They met together all misguided,
With Drift, and Rain, toss'd blash and blynd;
But to discrive them Right surpasses,
The Art of nine Parnassus Lasses;
Or Lucan, Virgil, or of Horace
Of Ovid, Homer, or of Florens,
Yea sure such fights might have inclin'd,
A Man to nauseat at Mankind;
Some might have judg'd they were the creatures
Call'd Selfies, whole customes and features,
Paracelsus doeth discry,
In his Ocult Philosophy;
Or Faunes, or Brownies, if ye will,
Or Satyres, come from Aslar Hill

Or

Or that the three-ting'd Tyke was sleeping,
 Who hath the Stygian Door a-keeping:
 Their head, their neck, their leggs and thighs,
 Are influenced by the Skies;
 Without a clout to interrupt them;
 They need not strip thē when they whip them;
 Nor loose their Doublet, when they're hang'd,
 If they be mist'd, it's sure they're wrong'd,
 This keep their bodies from corruptions,
 From fistuls, tumours and eruptions;
 Unless they come to Towns perhaps,
 They must not miss their bits of claps,
 They are so gent, they will not want it,
 The Men who know them best will grant it.
 Their Durks hang down between their leggs,
 Where they made many slopes and geggs;
 By rubbing on their naked side,
 And warbling from side to side.
 But those who were their chief Commanders,
 As such who bore the pirnie Standarts,
 Who led the Van, and drove the Rear:
 Were right well mounted of their Gear:
 With Brogues, Trues, and pirnie Plaides,
 With good blew Bonnets on their Heads:
 Which on the one side had a sipe,
 Adorn'd with a Tobacco pipe.
 With Durk, and Snap-work, and Souff-mill,
 A bagg which they with Onions fill,
 And as their strick Observers say,
 A Tape Horn fill'd with *Usquebay*.

A flafat out Coat beneath her plaider,
 A Targe of timber, nails and hides,
 With a long two handed Sword,
 As good's the Countrey can afford
 Had they not need of bulk and bones,
 Who fights with all thefe Arms at once;
 It's marvelous how in fuch weather,
 Ov'r hill and hope they came together,
 How in fuch ftormes they came fo far;
 The reason is, they're fmeat'd with Tar,
 Which doth defend them heel and neck,
 Juft as it doth their Sheep protect;
 But leaft ye doubt that this is true,
 They're juft the colour of ufe'd Wool;
 Nought like Religion they retain,
 Of moral Honesty they're clean.
 In nothing they're accounted fharp;
 Except in Bag-pipe, and in Harpe.
 For a milobliging word,
 She'll durk her neighbour ov'r the board;
 And then fhe'll flee like fire from fink,
 She'll fcarcely ward the fecond clink;
 If any ask her of her thrift,
 Forefooth her nain fell lives by this.

When this thrice Savage Crew was met;
 And in their Ranks and Order fet;
 Then ftraight before them came the Spard;
 Like to *Aeneas* in attire,
 And in his hand he had a Lance,
 Which fome laid he had us'd in France,

Some

Some said he learn'd his warlike Fates;
 With *Grand Signior* beside the *Straights*;
 Some in *Russia*, some in *Poland*,
 Some in *England*, some in *Holland*;
 Some in *Denmark*, some in *Spain*,
 Some with *Gustavus* of *Sweden*.
 When with *Swiss* Lads he did daunt;
 Each Prince that did about him Vaunt;
 But others, who were better read,
 Said he storm'd Cities in his bed:
 He walk'd in State, tho' somewhat wide,
 Ye know what makes some Gallants stride:
 He stood upright, tho' shoulders flap,
 Tho' brank and legs kram'd and clapt,
 Tho' bum and belly were belt-boulked,
 They all admird who on him looked.
 But here, *Horatio* to rehearse,
 Or put that black into my Verse;
 Which in his throat some old wound makes,
 Occasioned by some mistakes:
 When in his Lodging he did bide,
 It's said he call'd one oft a side,
 To ask of beaten Buttons prices,
 Of Silver work or strange devices:
 Tho' she be somewhat old and tough,
 She's a *Swiss* Woman tough enough;
 If of his Countenance ye ask,
 It would be a difficult task,
 For a *Physicant* to tell,
 Which of three doeth most excel;

Bacchus, Venus, Mars, to wit,
 Foretooth it were a kittle put:
 But some there are, who think it be
 A just Commixion of the three.
 Others who know his old projections,
 Says wars is least in his affections;
 While with such Grace and State he stood,
 All the bulk of *Highland Brood*,
 Admit'd their chance and their mishap;
 When that he did not lift his Cape,
 While he was speaking to the Laird,
 Had it not been for the Life-guard,
 She would have dunkt him, when she saw
 He keept to the Laird in aw:
 The whole Crew stair'd him in the face;
 Some asked if it was his Grace;
 And other some who knew nothing,
 Did ask if he could be *Sir King*;
 On every hand they did enquire;
 Till they were told it was the *Squire*.
 He was afflicted with a cough,
 Which vexed him right sore, although
 He crub'd it as much as he could,
 And got good Syrup when he would;
 Yet it brake out with such a force,
 As mar'd the Ranks of *Highland* horse;
 When he had cought and cleas'd his throat,
 And from his mouth the phlegme had put,
 He paus'd a little, then he spake,
 And then drew forth the *Councils Act*:
 Which

Which is not safe for us to infer,
 It's known whose pockets made him smart;
 Ere to his stading he began,
 He cry'd keep quiet every man,
 Because they did not understand,
 He hoisted and lift up his hand,
 And made signs they might hold still,
 Till he declar'd his Graces will,
 For all the pain that he had taken,
 Yet instantly he was mistaken,
 For these ignorant fellows,
 Thought he desir'd to hear their fellows,
 With one consent they rais'd a cry:
 Which echoed from Sky to Sky,
 That to the Clouds did roost and rise,
 Then presently fell snow and drif,
 The Squint this dumped flood amused,
 And glour'd as if he were comforted,
 While they redoubled their cries,
 While hail and snow did blind his eyes,
 His wounded neck was nip't with frost,
 He looked like some wight or ghast:
 Some thought that he might have expired,
 Had it not been they partly ried,
 And partly stoped when rebuked,
 By her hair Laid, yea some were knocked.
 The Squint pufft, gap't, and drew his breath,
 Like a Game Cock, then cursing, sayeth,
 I wish I never may do good,
 If I do like this Highland Brood.

When

When all their tumults were appeald;
 The Squire himself was somewhat cald;
 He read the Order, and Bond,
 Tho much difficultie he found,
 His Judgement being somewhat Jumbled,
 His brains with shouls and yelloughs tumbled:
 He rested till he was composed,
 Till brain, tongue, breath were well disposed;
 In Oratorie to shew his Worth,
 Like *Catiline* or *Tuercus*:
 When he had rested to content,
 He rose and gave a complement,
 But short as Souldiers use to do,
 And then *beu* he falls too;
 And sayes, it's like ye'll ask the cause,
 Which at this time together draws
 Such multitudes in Winter frosts,
 In unfit time to levie hosts,
 Might this nor all have been foreborn,
 Till ye had till'd and sown your Corn:
 Then would ye come in Troups, and Fleets,
 Like *Tartars* or like *Moscovites*,
 And done whatever he had pleased,
Julia's title would received:
 Tho I might all these knots unloole,
 With it's thought fit, and so to close,
 Yet I will all your doubts disjoint,
 And answer unto every point.
 It's known what mischief in times past,
 In *Samborn* there, and in the *West*:

What

What to *Hang-b-head* and hill-side *fleerings*;
 Rebellious and seditious meetings;
 Which by the Council is declared,
 By wholesome Laws, and well prepared,
 To be Seditious sole foundation
 And this is all their Occupation;
 They rail the Clergie and the State,
 And hurts their Fame at a strange rate,
 They say it's *Alamode* the Year,
 For Noblemen the Horns to wear,
 And that the most part are too ready
 To wait upon their Neighbours Ladies,
 They rail on Courtly Lady's carriage;
 As if they did not honour Marriage:
 Since they are turn'd to highly rude,
 It's known to whom they do allude,
 As if that Word were not within
 The compalls of their Bible's skin;
 There should not be an evil speaker
 Of peoples Prince, but what the Meeker
 Are they of that, they never heed it,
 As if they never heard nor read it:
 They say we'r murderers of the Saints,
 Court Parasites, gross Sycophants;
 That *Prelats* are related sure,
 Unto the *Babylonish* Whore;
 Yea they'r alledging that his Grace
 Must to his Ladies wit give place;
 Then this will follow, I suppose,
 She drags the whole wate by the Nose.

It's frequently among them told;
 That Lawyers Rules, are Leidges Gold;
 And for a Proof, they cite a Procel,
 Of Melvil with the Earl of Rothes;
 And of his Grace, with th' Earl of Tairisdale,
 And some of late, with Will of Glidale.
 Tho now he's honored by ilk,
 Even from his Grace, to Goffle milk;
 And that's but juſt, for he before,
 Catch'd his own Friends in that ſame bore;
 It's known he would have interdicted,
 But he was forc'd with ſhame to quite it;
 Now he's rewarded for ſuch pranks,
 When he would ſale, it's told he Janks;
 For information they prevail,
 With thoſe who made the laſt appeal;
 They have contriv'd rebellious Books;
 Whole paper well might ſerve the Cooks,
 To ſing their Poultrie I dare ſwear,
 A thouſand or three hundred Years;
 As Napthali, of much repute,
 A Hang-man, that waſtrefuted;
 Think his fyre he had deſerv'd,
 He his Answer had ſerv'd;
 At the ſame rate he ſerv'd the firſt,
 He ſham'd uſall, he never durſt;
 And Apologenick Relation,
 And Gilbert Burnet's Reſutation,
 Which he durſt never yet redargue,
 He found it eaſie to argue.

With Ladies, and I'll tell you too,
 He hath some other thing to do,
 For he hath left *Pindarick* Rhime,
 In writing *Memoirs*, spends his time;
Damascus *Alas*, and *Lex Rex*,
 And thousands more the people vex,
 Got from *Buchanan*, now he's gone,
 Let *Papists* curle him, for I'm none;
 I never so could love their wayes,
 As keeps *Levi's* Nights, farr less its *Dayes*.
 To answer all their Books we tyred,
 We intercommun'd them, and fired;
 Yet I'm afraid for all our pains,
 That their Seditious Seed remains,
 With other Pamphlers stuff'd with Lies,
 Like *Mitchell* Ghosts and Tragedies,
 And Answers to *Oyer* Covenanters,
 Where they like *Witches* and *Inchanters*,
 Even things to come presume to tell,
 And placeth chief Rulers in Hell,
 Tormenting *Belzebub* with fear,
 Least some of them usurp his chair:
 And other some pervert his laws,
 And Arbitrarily judge each cause:
 Yet I am fixed in Opinion,
 He's absolute in his Dominion;
 Neither will he yield his place,
 When both comes there that's term'd his Grace.
 Now to such meetings runs in flocks,
 Men with Hats, Swords, and Cloaks.

(1)

Yea, some with great Cocks on their Hats,
Pearl'd Sleeves, and Lac'd Gravats,
Behaving well in every Gesture,
Near in Ridding Gear and Vesture.
If they imagine ought to do,
They'll have their Huffer Pistols to.
Ye are informed what a flure,
Innes got at Liffy Mure;
And Sharps Lifeguard, how they in Fife,
Were in the hazard of their Life;
Where all the Guard did flee or smart,
By of their Number a third part:
Yea, surely they might been devoured,
Had it not been they were secured,
By such a Man as Master Bruce,
Who yet for fear did keep his house:
Tho Silver Plate, Sharps Guard did plunder,
With Horse and Cloaths, I think no wonder,
For a pack of Tinkler Fellows,
Will steal tho they should get the Gallows.
And at their Meetings as some say,
They'r still in Armes in Gallinay:
And now with Hume, tho he be wicked,
They bell the Cat, and him have tricked:
There ye may see as handsome Men,
As I when dress by her ye keno;
Tho Men should come in such a case,
Would not valn'd a Traes Ace.
But wives with clubs and cudgels, lave us,
Would affright an Old Gustavus:

B 2

They

They give Communion and Baptizes;
 And convocate with their surmises,
 The Leidges without Law and Order;
 They haunt the Inland and the Border:
 Yea, they'l perform a private Marriage,
 Who would connive at such a Carriage?
 But thir last words did raise his passion,
 He boasted, as it was his fashion,
 He coaged near to Expiration,
 As he had got the last Citation
 From grim Death, the king of Terrours;
 He griev'd when he thought on their errors:
 He made signs for his Ligure Coat,
 And Balsome to anoint his Theat;
 For some good Drink to wash his Mouth;
 For he was like to choke for drowthe:
 He got of Beer a full bowl Glasse,
 Which got bad Passage at his Hassle;
 His Throat was so to excels dry,
 It spung'd it up ere it got by:
 He got the other drink, and layeth;
 Have at ye yet if I had Breath.
 When that his Heart and Wind-pipes settles,
 He rose as he had sit on Nettles;
 He hasted to tell out the rest o't,
 To handle hotly is the best o't.
 He had his passion overcome,
 And gave a great *silentium*,
 Placing his hands on both his haunches,
 Gave in his Speech in several branches.

And

And sayes, I would be well content,
 Because there's some that's ignorant
 To tell ye of supream Government,
 From which flows honour and preferment:
 On which our properties are founded,
 Our Laws and Liberties are groundd,
 As sole power for decyding Questions,
 And putting stops to hot Contensions;
 But since it is a sacred thing,
 Not to speake rashly of a King.
 I'll tell ye when and where ye'll get it;
 Scholastickly and learn'dly treated;
 In the Trone Kirk when *Annan* prays
 On *Sabbaths*, and on *Holy dayes*,
 If I mistake not, he ne're misses
 When the Kings Majesty he blesses;
 What power how absolute and great,
 The King has over Church and State:
 Yet *Presbyterians* never stands,
 To violate the Kings Commands,
 Yea just as if they could defy him,
 His due Allegiance they deny him;
 His Grace who is so much concerned,
 To see the Kingdom right governed;
 To see each thing in order put,
 Each Law and Statute execute,
 To see that *Schismaticke* be checked,
 Least the True Clergie be neglected;
 His Grace I say will never sit
 With such Affronts, he'll ne're permit;

That

That such irregular Practisers;
 Should pass without some Catechisers;
 It nicks him nearer than his Life,
 Yea, nor his Conscience, or his Wife:
 I you assure he cannot bide it,
 He'll either end it, or decide it:
 Since to such Arrogance they'r mounted,
 He will not see the King affronted:
 Yea, tho his Grace should endeavour,
 The patience of the Lord Strathmore,
 Who if he had been in such a rash, as
 If he had been so dastily rash, as
 He, who gave him the provocation,
 Even for thy Heart, or thy Foundation,
 Thou dare not offer to resent it,
 Blood and Wounds might made's repent it:
 Tho in patience he exceed
 Socrates, and all we read;
 If the King's Credit be at stake,
 Some Course effectual he must take.
 It's like ye'll say, there's something lurking,
 That there's some other thing a working:
 Some Powder plot, or strange Contriving,
 Within his Grace's Brains is hiving;
 But I declare, I know nothing,
 Of his Intention or Design,
 Whatever some may vainly boast,
 They know what mov'd to call this Hoast:
 Yet doth his Grace it so conceal,
 That he'll to no Man it reveal!

He keep'st so close, I cannot show it;
 He will not let the Angels know it,
 Yet I imagine, I may lay it,
 Tho I tell you, ye'll keep it quiet.
 His Grace's Courtship is more pull'd;
 Than Regal Credit's mar'd or mudd:
 If he had granted Libertie,
 As was propos'd to *Presbytrie*,
 The Clergies conjunct might have soild him,
 And as it was, almost turncoyl'd him:
 E're of his Interest ought he tunc,
 He'll try the most severe designe;
 He will not plainly tell what led him,
 Says dev'l be in the breast it bred in;
 His Grace knows *Presbytrie* as well,
 As *Bessie* doth the Privy Seal:
 He knows well how to loose their knots,
 For he was once on all their Plots,
 By Vowes and Bonds was tyed to them,
 He knew the better to undoe them:
 And if ye think this cannot true be,
 The Truth thereof I can let you see;
 It is no Fancie, nor no Fable,
 He was concern'd at the Green-table;
 Which I can prove, if that I need it,
 In *Burnes*'s new penn'd Race ye'll read it,
 Now I have shoven some Cause and Reason,
 That we are here, it's suspect Treason;
 For all the *Prelats*, as we hear,
 Are in such a panick fear,
 He

They

They know not how, nor where to creep to,
 They must be guarded when they sleep too;
 The wiler men I do repute them,
 For their own Guns are like to shoot them;
 Its hard to bide the hard reproaches,
 That some of them gets from their Coaches.
 As for the harshness of the Season,
 I can give a sufficient Reason,
 For these who's duk't over Lug and Hora,
 In Inow or Dubbs as soon as born;
 More boasterous Weather may endure,
 Than might their Horse and Nolt devour!
 This Season strongest Storms still yeelds,
 They'l not have power to keep the Fields:
 So we shall catch them by the Neck,
 If they'l not bow, we'le caule them break:
 As for your labour never regard it,
 For ye to full shall be rewarded:
 Ye'le get more booty by your Durking,
 Than might surpaise full two years working,
 For there are routh of Geese and Hens,
 As fat as ever flew on pens;
 Turkies, Sheep, Nolt and Horse,
 If ye be hindred take by force,
 Cloaths of Linning, Wolling, silk,
 Butter, Cheese, Bread and Milk,
 Beer and Ale, and good salt Beef,
 And all that may engadge a Thief:
 Armour, Money, and some Gold;
 We shall them raze from house and hold;

There

There's something yet I have forgotten;
 Which ye protest to roast and tudden;
 Wine and walters I dare say,
 And that is south of *Uscubay*,
 Yea, there is Spanish Leash enough;
 As good as ever was mill'd in Innes;
 I hope the's many here to day,
 Who with a mirtie heart will say;
 Now we have got a fair occasion,
 And fit for to revenge our Leshone
 We have sustain'd, got to end rise it
 Wee'll not gett such if yee refuse it
 Tho there be some men that may blame her;
 Yet they'll be far in wrong to shame her.

I think the three great doubts be solved,
 And yee contented and resolved
 That yee may be the better hearted
 I'll start each doubt that may be started:
 Its like, that some may fall a shrinking
 And pulst'd be while they'r a thinking
 That those who here Commanders are
 Are not well Vers'd in fates of ware,
 But that's a silly supposition,
 For we'l not meet with opposition,
 And if that were yet for commanding
 Doubt yet nought while I am a standing,
 A copper *Gumzie* for their Feed
 For I am a able hand indeed
 And if we had such expectations:
 One of his Graces near relations,

Give

Give his assistance for a word would,
 Who great things practice with his Sword could,
 In sixtie six he prov'd as stout as,
 And bold as any of the Rour was,
 He level'd equal, when he shot too,
 So that his Horse luggs bullets got too,
 Was he not in a grievous perill,
 VVhen hot lead did his Horse luggs quarrel.

It's like ye'll think if ye steal too much,
 And with your Durke the people touch:
 If the Country be to excels wrong'd,
 Ye'll be knut up like Doggs, and hang'd:
 Tho there be many of the mind,
 That Hanging is good of your kind,
 The like of that should not demure you,
 It's not be so, I shall assure you:
 Your Order is so vast and large,
 It will defend you like a Targe;
 And for example, I'll you tell,
 Of my Brother, Old Dalzel:
 How he coul'd shoot an Innocent,
 Because he would not speak, anent
 Things that he neither heard nor knew,
 Ye see he's never question'd now.

It's like, that some of you may hear,
 VVherefore his Grace is not come here:
 To start such doubts, is too like Treason,
 Yet I'll presume to give a Reason:
 His Grace he cannot stir a foot,
 He's so oppressed with the Gout:

Altho

Altho his Gout were somewhat eased;
 Yet he might be Dilematized,
 As to his Lady, what were best,
 To leave her East, or bring her VVest;
 To leave her East, would not be Right,
 She'll wearie in the VVinter Night,
 To bring her VVest, would mend but little;
 For *Higbland* Lairds are very kittle.

Altho his Grace do stay at home,
 Ye'll say his Neighbour might have come:
 He's not so cloys ry'd to his VVife,
 But he behoov'd to wait on *Life*:
 To press the Band, and them redact;
 To Order, by the *Council's* Act;
 In which *Shore*, he as some relate,
 Behav'd himself as such a Rate;
 That by his Care, and Diligence,
 A Gentleman was at expence:
 In Oratorie to rack invention,
 And shamefully lost his intencion,
 For as it's said, he was put out,
 Because he could not solve a Doubt;
 His Countenance was somewhat broken;
 Because he knew not how to locken:
 But here's enough of this already,
 Because it doth concern a Lady:
 VVho, tho she aged be, and grown is,
 Hath made good use of what her own is:
 Ye need not doubt him, for he's Loyal,
 He's grown without remittance Royal,

Which

Which cleare appears, and now is past out,
 Since *Leffy* Families are cast out,
 Tho these who were the chief Agents;
 In sixty six, are now Repenters,
 And are discountred for reward,
 That's nought but Grace is our safe guard.
 And now I'll give you my advice,
 And look to it if ye be wile,
 Since that I hear that Rebels do
 Haunt about the Highlands too,
 If once their Doctrine their get rooting,
 Then farewell Traist, the best of Booning,
 And this ye see is very clear,
 Dayly experience makes it appear,
 For instance lately in the Borders,
 Where there was nought but Theft and Mur-
 Rapine, Cheating and Referring, (Ciders
 Slight of hand, fortunes getting,
 Their designation as ye ken,
 Was all along the taking men,
 Now Rebels prevails more with words,
 Then Drawgouns, does with Guns and Swords,
 So that their bare preaching now,
 Makes the throshpuls keep the Cow,
 Better then *Scots* or *English* KINGS,
 Could do by Killing them with strings,
 Yea those who were the greatest Rogues,
 Follow them ov'r hills and Boges,
 Crying for Prayers and for Preaching,
 For thy I now hear none others teaching.

Charge

Charge you all, ye go not near them
If once they you engage to hear them,
There preaching easily prevails,
He pawn my Throat your trading file.

At this Discourse their tails all bobbed
They gave a gaur and then they leaped,
They threw their faces like Baboons,
They muttered and raised sounds,
It griev'd them to the very heart

To think that men and thieves should part,
And those last words intrug'd them more
Than all the Squire had said before.

The Squire perceiv'd his heart did dance

For he had fall'n on this perchance.

He did admire and praise the pith of it

And leugh and said, This is the lick off it

When he saw them so much concern'd

He lookt as if he had Govern'd

A Thousand Millions at a heast

The Whiggs he did at random boast

When he had them to full shaled

And all indempitly refused

He paus'd a lile, plac'd his hand

Upon his mouth and so did stand

In imitation of great Jove

While he did convey the Drove

Of Poets fancies, that he might

See that a Rogue got nought but right

When he had roll'd his brains about

To see if he could eugh find out

That

That was mistaken or foregot;
 He found he had not loos'd a knot,
 VVhich very necessary to loose is;
 He lifts his hand, and mouth unclose,
 Stood with such State and Reverence,
 As he had been a Court to fence,
 Her Nain sell shooke her naked Breeches,
 For she was tyred with his speeches,
 She would farr rather had a tittle,
 Of an *Aquavite* Barrell,
 But he some patience extorted,
 By promising that he should short it.
 And sayes, ye will make inquiry,
 For the Ground and Reason why,
 The *Primate*, who was still so eager,
 To cleanse the Kirk with Sword and Dagger,
 Is not come here to give his Blessing,
 Ye'll wonder that he is a missing.
 He cannot come to distant places,
 He's troubled with so many Cales
 Of Conscience, which he's still collecting,
 And Court Exorbitances checking,
 As whither the *Liturgie* hath seeformes,
 For Sea-dangers, and great Stormes:
 If *Presbyterians*, or *VVitches*,
 Deserves in Law the sharpest touches,
 If Men for Reason should be pyn'd,
 VVithout informing of their mind:
 VVhither its best for *Edinburgh* Lasses,
 To haue Conventicles, or Masses.

Vowes and Covenants oblige
 His Majestie and all his Leidges;
 Whether or no the late rescinding;
 Did quite cut off such Oaths from binding;
 If it were right, such Bonds were torn,
 If those did right who did conform
 To *Prelates*, who the other day
 Own'd publick Resolution Way;
 Whether since that some *Remonstrators*,
 Are gain'd by Rulers, Wiles and Flatters;
 If their Indulgence and such things,
 Secures them under *Prelates* Wings;
 Which Peace and Ease to them provides,
 With Stipends, Tythes, with Manse and Glibes;
 If such like plots will break their strength;
 If we'll quite raze them at the length;
 Whether its best for Men and Ladds,
 To haunt Conventickles or Bawds;
 Whether or no it was far best,
 To put some Rebels to their Rest;
 After they had got a Remit;
 Whether or not it be most fit,
 To conceal Deaths of murder'd Babies;
 Whether or no the Clergie Rabbies,
 May give Commissions to marrie;
 Tho private, one of which I carrie;
 But Gentlemen I crave your pardon,
 A Swerff of Love my Heart is hard on;
 Will by her feathers I'm confounded,
 When I think on her, my heart's wounded.

Then down he shrunk like one that faint,
 When deadly wounds the Leeches taint,
 When stocks that are half rotten lowes,
 They burn best, so doth dry broom kowes
 Her naine sell thought the speech was ended,
 Their cryes arose, the shouts ascended,
 Tho Epilogic and Perroration
 Did want that made no hesitation,
 With one consent they raised Applaudo;
 Till every hill relounded Laudo.
 When this was done their Ranks were broken,
 Some ran for drink their drought to flogen,
 Some for sack to help their Elquire,
 For he was plunged in Desire:
 Pipes were playing, Drums were beating,
 Some snizeing from their fellows getting;
 Some were chafing hens and cocks,
 Some were loosing horse from yocks,
 Some with snapwarks, some with bowes,
 Were charging Reers of Toops and Ewes,
 Their stomachs so on edge were set,
 That all was Fish came in the net;
 Trumpets sounded, Skeens were glanceing,
 Some were *Tonald Cowper* danceing,
 Some cryed, here to her Laird and Lady;
 Some to her Mother and her Daddie,
 And Sir King too, if the Laird please,
 Then up with Plaids and scatts her Thighs,
 There swarms of vermine, and sheep saids,
 Delights to lodge beneath the Plaids,

For they like not in frostie VVeather
 To sit upon her open leather,
 Her pance sell lapp and clapt her narle;
 More like a Monkie, nor like *Nars*.
 Some were stealing, some were riving:
 Some were Wives and Lasses grieving,
 Some's teeth for cold did chack and chatter;
 Some from plaids were wringing Water:
 Yea, to be short, moe different postures,
 Than's sewed on Hangings, Beds or Bolstures,
 Moe various actings, modes and stances,
 Than's read in *Poems* or *Romances*;
 If some had seen this grand confusion,
 They would have thought it a delusion;
 Some *Tragedie* of dismal Wights,
 Or such like enchanted sights.
Democritus if he had seen,
 He would have bluther'd out his Eene:
Democrites he would gone dalt.
 Or else with laughing riven his chaff;
 Even such as might have understood them,
 Did think their senses did delude them.
 To leave them here I think its best,
 They're charg'd to march into the *West*,
 How they behaved when come there,
 How neither friend nor foe did spare,
 What plunder they away did bear,
 We partly afterwards shall hear.
 Because some will be curious,
 To know how madly furious,

They prov'd against the publick fleets,
Which at Barn dops and midings meets,
How each Rank by them abused,
What beastly shames tricks they used,
I hope to give a short narration,

Grounded on the Information,
The heavy beer and sad complaint
Which to the Committee was sent,
By that poor and tossed slave,
When the Committee sat at night
The man who was Commissioner,
Was Grave Sage, Pious and Moderate
He gave a perfect Information
And Instance for his Probation,
It is the best we can afford.
We'll strive to give it Word by Word
We need not tell how he got throw,
The swarnings of the Red Shank Crew,
Or what great hazard he was in too,
E're he the Town of Air could win too,
It is enough for our intent,
To tell that he was thither sent,
That he got there and him behaved
According as the countrey craved,
When he arrives his board he times,
Put new silk Stockings on his limbs,
And put on shoes of Tarkie Leather,
As good as e're tholl'd wind or Weather,
He could not walk on with his Boot,
Because they did catch his Foot,

His hands and face he wash'd and dight
 His lac'd Graver he caus'd be righted;
 His Knots and Ruffles was right fine too,
 He caus'd bring a Glas of Wine too,
 To keep his countenance from matring,
 For great mens looks are very darring;
 He Combr'd and Powdered his head too,
 And in his hand he took a Reed too,
 Went to the Glas and saw all fird
 Then went he on and was admired
 He bow'd with humble reverence,
 And saying, May't please your EXCELLENCE
 With patience to lend your Ear
 To our complaint and heavie bear,
 We'll be repus'd in arms
 If we but speak of grievances,
 Its true we are not ignorant,
 That ye by Order here are sent,
 And that ye are Commissionar,
 The Western shires to subjugate,
 We know his Grace does you allow,
 In several things that costed now
 Tho he be not sole Head and Reider,
 He's like to turn a Lord Protector,
 The last we had, just us to mick;
 When he caus'd some subscribe the ricker,
 I say the Tander, look and shame on't,
 For he can never keep the name on't;
 We thought his Grace would never given orders
 To commit rapin, Thieves and Murders.

'At that rate they're now committed,
 He never was so shallow witted,
 For truly, they more cruel carrie,
 Than ever *Frenchmen* under *Marie*,
 Or *Spaniards* under *Ferdinando* did,
 Or *French*, when Duke of *Guise* commanded,
 Yea they more savage far than those were,
 Who with *Kolkissoch* and *Montrose* were,
 And sixtie times they're worse than they
 Whom *Turner* led in *Galloway*,
 They durk our *Tennents*, shames our *Wives*
 And we're in hazard of our *Lives*,
 They plunder horse, and them they loaden;
 With Coverings, Blankets, sheets and Plaidin
 With Hooding gray, and worsted stuff,
 They sell our Tonges for locks of stuff, and ow
 They take our Cultors and our loaksy
 And from our doors they pull the locks,
 They leave us neither shoals nor spaidis,
 And takes away our Iron inflaidis, (workin
 They break out ploughs, ev'n when they
 We dare not hinder them for durking,
 My Lords, they so harasse and wrongous
 There's scarce a pair of shoes among us,
 And for Blew bonnets they leave none,
 That they can get their Claws upon
 If any dare refuse to give them,
 They Durk them, Strips them, & so leaves them
 They ripe for Arms, but all they find,
 Is arms with them, leaves nought behind,

It's not a strange mistake in that,
 Our tankerds, and our Chamber Pot;
 And stool-pans, should be thought Granads
 They take our Sables and our Pades,
 They stripe our Lecquies, ripes their Pouches,
 They leave us neither Beds nor Couches,
 Yea to be short they leave us nought,
 That can from place to place be brought,
 The *Red Coats* can tell them who spiers,
 When they with them sell by the eares
 When that their bootie they laid hold of,
 They had much more than I have told of,
 Where some gott wounds with sword and ball
 In sorrie sort they were so small,
 As if they could not Doe enough,
 They fall on poor men at the plough,
 Because they doe not understand,
 Their Language they'll cut off their hand,
 And for a prooffe, I thinke I have it.
 Took out the hand and to them gave it
 Another Instance, I shall tell,
 In which the *Irish* they excell,
 When they a poor man had Destroy'd
 Of meat cloathes money made him voide,
 They left him nought that they could take
 Except two horse and a corne stack,
 The stack they fir'd through very lpyte
 But with the horse they would not quite,
 Till he some Money them did give,
 One half whereof they did receive,

To buy the other nought he had,
 Yet they so savage were and mad,
 While the poor man with hearie Looks,
 Was begging favour from these Rukes,
 The horse most die without remead,
 They drove Lead Bullets through his head,
 An other instance I shall give yet,
 I shall be brieve and to you Leave it,
 When they by violence and force,
 Had plundered a poor mans horse,
 And Loaded him with his own gier,
 For they took more than they could bear,
 The poor man follow'd to releave him,
 Still begging that they bake would give him,
 But finding he could not Prevaill,
 That his requests did nought avail,
 He slit the brankstom his horse head,
 For which they shot this poor man dead,
 Even Instantly without remorse,
 Because they could not grip the horse,
 His wife perceiv'd this Cruell deed,
 She clapt her hands and ran with speed,
 There she cry'd out as she thought good,
 The Bishops guiltie of this blood,
 The King himself can scarce be free,
 The Council, most of all the three,
 As well as these who did the fact,
 A vengeance come on the whole pack
 She pray'd, that God would charge allon them
 His, her's, six childrens curse upon them

For giving out such wicked **Laws**,
 Against his people and his **Cause**
 To gratifie the *Whore of Rome*;
 Long, sad, and Heavie be their **Doom**.
 For all the *mischiefs*, **Rapes and Murders**
 This Hells Crew does, are by their **Orders**,
 Tho they did neither rive nor steal,
 Their meat which is good **Hens and Veal**,
 The best of **Bread**, good **Ale and Wine**.
 It sets them ill, thame on their kind;
 Would us destroy in a short **space**,
 Its true, as I hold up my face,
 For they most have four times a day,
 And more at once, I'm cleat to say,
 Then might sustain a great **Coach Mare**,
 For any half day in the **Year**,
 For sixty men or but few more
 They'l take up quarters for seven **score**,
 An shilling Starling we most gram,
 For each person that they want,
 And six pence also they receive,
 For each Tail of them they have,
 And thus each day must be renew'd,
 That they take Meat. I wish they spew'd;
 Our *Glasgow* Provost is told to us
 With his new **Acts** will quite undo us
 That bagish headed *Cawthe* lure,
 Hath done to break us, to his power,
 It were an **Almel** deed to hang us
 When we let such a **Varler** wrong us,

Amongst

Amongst the rest of their Trespases
 They'r oft imployed in chalseing Lasses,
 It is too evident a token,
 Of this when Maidens bakes are broken
 Yea tho they touch them not at all,
 They'r like to starve for very cold
 For when they sit their plaids do hang by,
 Ye'l see from Navels down each thing fy,
 Such sights the Lasses cannot bide,
 So they must starve in a backside,
 And here ou instance I shall tell,
 Of what to one of them befell :
 This red shank from no good pretence,
 Pursued the Lals been to the spence
 And aiming at some naughtie deed,
 Pull'd up his plaid and ran with speed,
 She with a fleshcruk in her hand,
 Advised him a back to stand,
 But he presuming for to struggle,
 Occasioned a huble buble
 The story it is something od
 She with a Flesh-cruk gripr his cod;
 So held and rag'd as made him squil
 And ay cry out the Deu'l the Deu'l,
 But getting of away he flees,
 VVhile blood was streading down his Thighs
 For severall dayes he kept his Bed
 And when got up he strid led
 From either hands they get small thanks
 VVho are the Authors of such pranks.

VVas't

VWas't not a cunning plot and wittie,
 To make *Killmarnock* two hours bootie,
 Must he not be a man of sense,
 And well deserves a recompense
 VWho fell upon that famous way,
 To make the Red Blanks ready pay,
 At once to work that subtile ploy,
 Them to make up and us destroy.
 But here I'll stop, if these offend not,
 And only say behold the end o't.
 They answered him we'l cleanse your Land
 If ye be clear to take the Band,
 He pau'd a little, drew his breath,
 And made a congie, then he laith:
 My Lords if we had got fair play,
 Ye had not came so soon this way,
 For we'r informed that ye found
 As great opposers to the Bond,
 In *Clidisdale* where you were before
 As ye do here, I do abhore,
 That Nations rulers should prove partial
 In this affair tho it be Maritiall,
 For *Clidisdale's* bonders, as ye ken
 Are scarcely reckon'd amongst men,
 The Tumid Earle, Papist Haggs,
 An Athiest Jew, to save his Baggs,
 And *Fleeming* too did prove a for,
 Least he had lost the Bishops Coat.
 Bedlay with *Towercs* and *Wood-hall*,
 John *Thomsons* man, plague on them all,
 That's

There's also other two or three,
 Which with Your Leave I must let be,
 Or else relolve to get me hence,
 Or spew before your Excellence:
 For, since I took them in my mouth,
 They have desir'd it to inittish,
 That I was ne're to sore agassing,
 To keep my Stomack from over-casting.
 We know their Overture propos'd,
 But that's nought, since it was refus'd.
 It was repur'd a good Defence,
 Yet they lost both their Meats and Ments.
 I am not clear for such Politicks,
 Tho State-men, but for fear of Criticks.
 I'll say no more, this is the sum o' it,
 Let none do ill, that good may come o' it.
 We who with our Indulgences still hydes,
 When others runs to Mulres and Hill hydes,
 Are first assaulted by Oppressours,
 Who are by far the least Transgressours.
 Even as so that which ye call Law,
 Your Lordships does the same know.
 And this be all the good we get o' it.
 We would not care tho we were quite o' it.
 We are inform'd we're nought the better
 Of Some who lately wrote a Letter,
 Now let them drink as they have browen,
 if it be true, the worst's their own.
 We cannot guess unto this time,
 What is our Fault, or what's our Crime.

Nor any Reason to annoy us,
 Far less, wherefore ye thus destroy us?
 The like is not upon Record,
 Nor read, that ever King or Lord,
 Destroy'd their own, both Flock and Fleece,
 While harmless and living in peace,
 Giving no provocation,
 Nor doing harm to any one;
 Had there been one in all the Land,
 That did oppose or yet gainstand,
 He might have pleaded some pretence,
 In defence of your Violence,
 But since there's none, makes Ours alas,
 An unprecedented case,
 Which case is partly I conclude,
 Even by your Lordships understood,
 Tho, there's not told the thousand part,
 Of our afflictions and our smart,
 The whole no persons can express,
 Of all our Ruine and Distress,
 Altho that innocent we be,
 We're plagued, & harassed as ye see,
 For innocence proves no defence,
 Against this Spair of violence,
 What can the great Turk order worse,
 Then murder, rob, and Conscience force?
 But there's a Righteous Judge who sees
 Such who govern, and who tyrannize,
 Who in his due time prepar'd,
 To give to each his own reward,

Before

Before whole throne I hope yee, clear,
 Both great and small must all appear,
 Advise my Lords what than yee'll say,
 For that which yee practise this day
 Tho we now suffer to our Loss,
 We hope the Lord will blesse our Crosse;
 If yee have no reliefe to lend us,
 Goe to, dispatch, eat up and end us
 They answer'd if yee'll not conforme,
 Yee must relolve to byde the storme,
 His Grace hath sworn that every man,
 That is beswixt *Bersheba* and *Dan*,
 Must take the band or he'll doe better;
 He'll heat the furnace seven times hotter,
 At which, this good man was amaz'd,
 Lookt sternly upon all and gaz'd,
 Then made a small bow, turn'd his backe,
 And not one other word he spoake,
 VVhen he was gone they did admire,
 To finde the man so void of fear,
 So wile so grave and confident,
 So readie, and so eloquent,
 They Judg'd he was a man of Sence,
 That well could Defend Innocence,
 His countenance was very stay'd,
 He was not easily dismay'd,
 His personage did represent
 As much as any could be sent
 In Politicks he was well seen,
 Yet *Maehavile* and *Maximie*,

And

And all other Alsickles he hates;
 He counts their Policies Deceits,
 Grand Oppressions, Tricks, Tyrannicks,
 Countrey Plaguing, Plots, Satanicks,
 He was well versed in Court Modes;
 In *French* Paviés, and new Com'd Nods;
 And finally, in all that can
 Make up a Compleat Prettie Man:

NOW how the *Red-Shanks* ran away,
 How these behaved that did stay,
 How they the *Holie Kirk* Reform'd,
 What Castles, and what Towns they storm'd,
 Whose *Hens* was slain, whose *Geese* murder'd,
 What great Designs by them was further'd
 And what great Credit to the King
 His Grace procur'd by this designe :
 How *Conventickles* all were quash'd,
 And *Schismaticks* destroy'd and dash'd:
 And how our nobles Journyed
 How their addresses did succeed,
 At court how they did represent
 The cuntries Losse, and sad complaint,
 And what succels therein they had,
 And whether it was good or bad,
 How they gott off and how things pass,
 Which of ye factions had the best,
 Ye'l hear when my *Parnassus* whinchie,
 Gets of *Fount Cablin* a pounchie,
 And therewith stives her empty Tearles,
 And hatcht up with lumps of Verses,

FINIS.

Upon the Lamentable, yet Gallant
 Glorious Death, of that singularly
 Pious, and eminently Faithful
 Servant, and truly Loyal Subject
 of the King of Saints, fervently
 Zealous for the Interest of his Ma-
 jesty's Glory, and otherwise univer-
 sally well accomplished Gentleman
Thomas Ker of Hayhope; Who was
 cruelly murdered in a Rancounter
 with a Party. commanded by *Col
 Struthers*, near *Crockome*, a Village
 upon the *English* Border.

Anno 1678.

Come all ye Hero's, come each Vertuous Sp'rit
 Each generous Soul approach, come let us meet
 Come let us meet with tears: This Fate allows
 You lofty Heavens, contract your cloudy brow
 Turn Vapours into Tears, that we with you
 May mourn, and mourn again, since it is true
 That he is torn from us by rapid Fate,

By

By so perfidious hands, at such a rate:
 Whom, if we well consider, we shall find
 That he his Equals have left few behind,
 But all I shrink I could I surmount as far
 As *Parnassus* mountain, as the highest Star,
 The *Strygian* lakes could I Devotion lay
 An open to Mens eyes as light of day.
 Could I describe true valour, true discretion,
 Could I on kindness put due Estimation,
 Then should I lack my fancy, stretch my quill;
 That my Engine might correspond my will,
 Ye who with airy *Quiddities* vex your wit,
 Lay by your trivials, here's a Theme more fit:
 Of this brave Heroe let this doubt be tost,
 When deadly wounded when his blood was lost,
 How he, ev'n then most valourously behaved,
 Shedding that blood which hinder'd life bereav'd,
 Ye who about the *Helicon* resort,
 Lay off your coming in *Romish* sort:
 Here is a Subject, here concern'd are ye;
 Pen Elegiacks, or heret' a Tragedy:
 Here lyes a Heroe inhumanly torn:
 Here lyes the Mules friend, who did adorn
 His Poems with a soaring stile: Here lyes
 Kindness abolished, here the Widow cries:
 Here bows his Kinsfolk, here his Friends hang down
 Their dumb'd eyes, the Church dark faint and stown,
 For lack of him, who spent his time, his strength
 Into her quarrel, clos'd his day at length.
 Ye who write Annals, and all ye that treat,

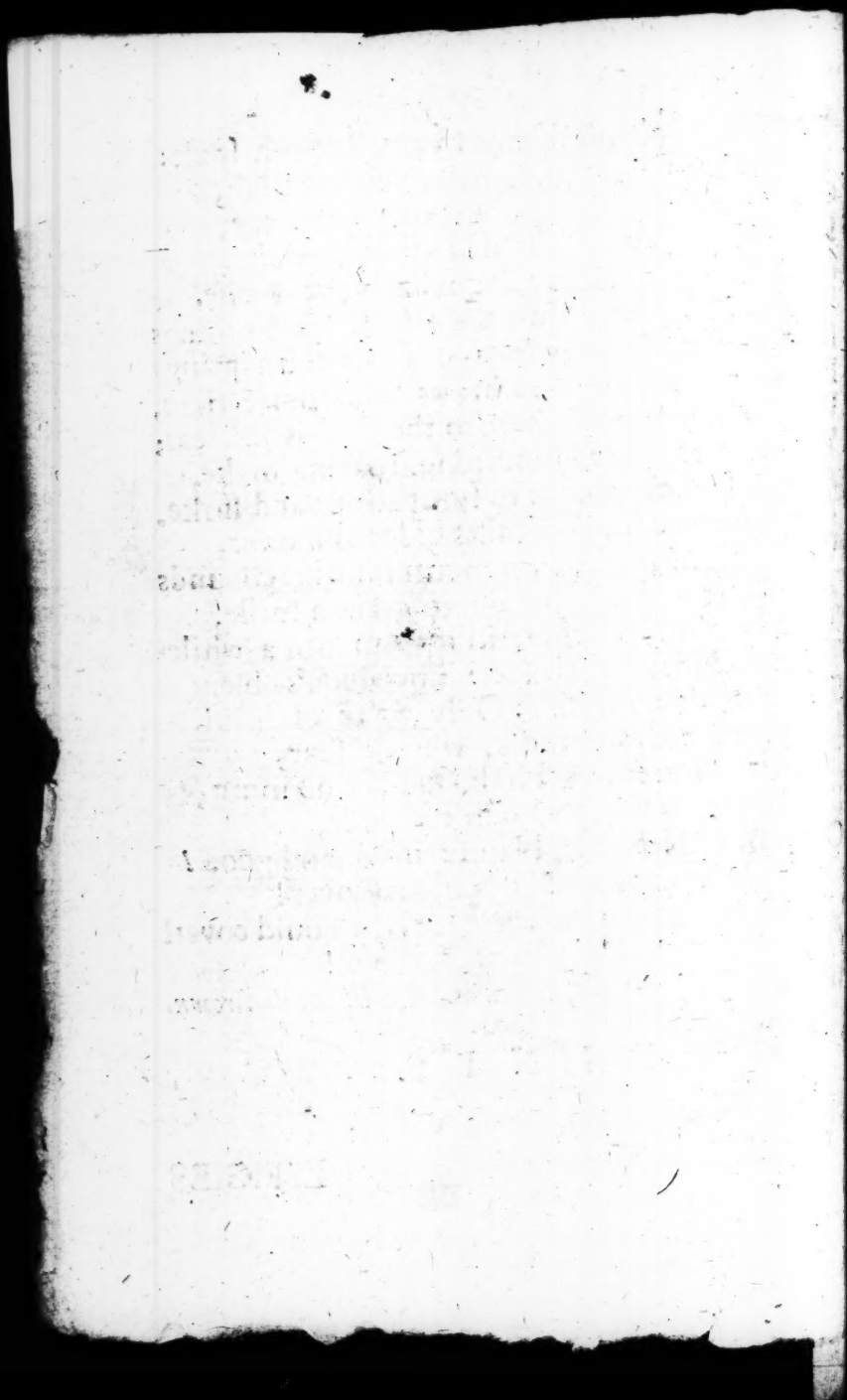
Of high Exploits, and memorable Fates,
 Pray do not miss, record this signal Strife;
 It's memorable; pen his Death and Life,
 That our Successors may in mourning, do
 What our *Marmorian* Hearts can not win to
 When hollow silver, or pure brass doth raise
 The noise of War, and foundeth Heroes praise
 Be not ungrate, Amongst the first allow
 To him a triple Quier; for it's due.
 Ye who delight to entertain the Views
 Of groveling Mortals, by your specious Hews
 Prepare your pencils; let some time a part;
 With twicethrice lively Colours help your Art
 Draw ye this Noble Hero on his Knees,
 Sending the latest Bayes of his fair Eyes
 Towards these Regions, where pure Spirits
 Thrice blessed Hallelujahs to their King;
 Spending his newest breath, in forming sound
 Not to lament the pangs of death, or wound
 But pass them forward, while his Soul did
 Taking her last farewell of what was clay:
 Pray, draw in vive Characters (do not miss)
 These streaks of blood, which from that breast of
 Came trickling down, that these who chance to
 This Tragick Sight, may weep his Elegie,
 O Heavens! O Earth! O Floods! O roaring Seas
 Ye lofty Mountains, Groves, and stately Trees
 Ye rampant Lyons, and ye savage Bears,
 Ye cruel Tigers, all burst forth in Tears
 Gradient Sun, fair Moon obscure your face,

Ye Minor Splendors, hold your Rayes a space:
 Ye-soaring Eagles, that do mount on high,
 Conveen your subjects, raise a doleful cry,
 So that the Clouds alarmed by your Voice,
 May send you Tears to equalize your Noise.
 But ah ! why crave we aid ? since lifeless things
 Beggs our assistance, numerous Tears down springs
 Fro' Heav'ns overclouded brows, on mounts & trees,
 Which shortly posses them to the Floods and Seas;
 Which altogether mourning, roaring make,
 And make their Banks to sympathize and shake.
 The Clouds colliding raises hideous sounds,
 Which from the rocks, in mournful wiserebounds
 The stars seem to disdain, to grant a smile,
 To dead, dull Mankind, till they mourn a while:
 The sun hides his fair face: The Moon's obseur'd
 The Earth's astonish'd: Only we're obdur'd,
 Let others pen his praises, who do soar,
 In thoughts sublime, I halt, and say no more;
 But only thus abruptly will conclude,
 O hight of Kindness, Nature mild and good !
 O true Religions son ! O Nations Lover !
 O soul sublimer, than these Heav'ns could cover !
 O Noble Ker ! O Patern of Renown !
 We groan on Earth, thou wears a Heavenly Crown.

F I N I S.

EFFIGIES

D 2



EFFIGIES
CLERICORUM
OR A

MOCK POEM

On the *CLERGIE* when they
met to Consult about
taking the

TEST

In the Year 1681.

*When Reason wanteth Force,
Shal't be a Crime?
Or make our Matters worse,
To try a Ryme?*

By the foresaid Lieu: Col. *CLELAND.*

Printed Anno DOM. MDCXCVII.



EFFIGIES
CLERICORUM, &c.

A Bout the time when Coughs and Rheums
Deflections, colds, and noisome flumes.
Disturb mens Winde Pipes, throats and lungs,
And tumant Glandules, hurts their tongues,
About the time when weakly sheep
shoot out their feet, and fall a sleep;
When Haly dayes, men do incline
To sacrifice the same by Wine,
By rioting and lumbrous feasts,
Devouring butter, fowls and beasts
At such a rate, that its no crime,
To say about the Goose masse time,
Or when some English Lads and Lasses,
Are troubled with Capiasses
For not frequenting haly Kirk
But meeting when the nights grow mirk,
The old disease which still doth trouble,
And keep the Nations in a hubble;
Or when some Noblemen begins
To judge of Dogs and Foxes skins.
But sudden falls; and sudden rises,
Fills Coffee Houses with surprises.
A whelp may gape to snatch a bone,
And after worrie thereupon.
When Irish swearers pro & con,

Macknameras

Jacknameras, and *Pegmison*,
 With *Eustor Cummin* and the rest;
 Of the blind *Stenchels* of that Nest
 Where shewing their alacrity
 In serving of his Majesty
 But *Willawinnle* dull brain'd Fools
 They could not play at *Eyes Bowls*,
 With that dexterity and slight
 That men thought hand led *Irish* might,
 No wonder I my consciences,
 Did scarce at *Irish* Evidences,
 For by *St. Patrick* of great Note,
 They swear a man into the plot,
 And by an other swear him out
 That all is true, ye need not doubt:
 They need no contradiction fear,
 Who *per eundem* do not swear,
 Some mule the Court, could not discover
 Some two three Booths all *England* over,
 Who had not prostitute their fame,
 And cloath'd themselves with publick shame,
 When *Provost Dick* to please the Duke;
 As some sayes search the *Statute Book*,
 And err'd as much in Application
 As others did in Explanation.
 Some men must try experiments
 To prove they're *Knaves* and *Ignorants*,
 When some gives *Nine Pence*, half *Crowns*
Groats, *Sixpences*, *Shilling's Ducadons*,
 To be absolv'd, freed and protected,

When,

When by the Haly Kirk ejected:
 Some say its wrong men should do so;
 Others its right enough altho,
 Its *Simonie*, to sell such things,
 No plot it on the buyers brings.
 We do not think, them true ejections;
 And so may purchase our protections:
 Some say tho we were ne re so wise
 We must be sharers of the Vice
 Adhereing close to the Contract
 Which we deliberately make.
 Each sober person sure concludes;
 A buyer up of triled goods,
 If wittingly he make his paction;
 Incurses the hazard of an action,
 Of cheatrice and's a Rogue as he,
 Who makes the Sale so *Simonie*,
 Dirts bargainers on both the hands
 Who *Simonie* right understands,
 Thinks it not only they that greale
 A Bishop for a benefice
 But they who purchase priviledges
 Of Church for money, bond or pledges
 Commits this foulsome in discretion
 Whatever be some estimation;
 Some are for bonds, Some are not willing;
 Under the pain of fourty shilling
 To give a bond to serve the Devil,
 Its Sottish ignorance, grosse evill
 To think Engadgers are made free,

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For paying of a penaltie.
 To pay a penaltie's a checking;
 And punishment for bargain breaking.
 A bond with penaltie appended,
 Was nev'r alternative pretended.
 And though it were, some cannot see;
 How it with Reason can agree,
 That Men engag'd to be Mals-hearers,
 Idolaters, or Surplice Wearers:
 Or else to pay a thousand pounds,
 For this they see no solid grounds;
 Since they who do revolve the pages,
 Of Sufferers in former Ages.
 And glours while they be like to faint,
 Can find no pithie Precedent.
 Some do assert that soulesome facts,
 Are not the matter of Contracts:
 Though this dull and unstable birth,
 Which at this time possess the Earth,
 Seeks out raw shifts, and poor hen wiles,
 And with such trash themselves beguiles.
 Some think this case the matter clears,
 To such as foul engagements fears.
 Suppose a Man should make a paction,
 To perpetrat a vitious Action,
 Or pay a summ, but at the day,
 He hath no money for to pay.
 The action in it self is ill,
 But yet by the Superior's will,
 It's Lealome; Pray you what defence,
 What sound or probable pretence,

Can

Can this Man use, when he's put to it;
 Either to pray, or else to do it;
 According as he hath contracted,
 Let any judge how he had acted.
 And so they do hold up their face;
 And sayes, since there can be Cace;
 That he for Conscience sake must break it;
 It was a soul abuse to make it.
 Who brayes in mortars Cheats and Fools,
 For their reward must wash their Tools,
 It's thought he is a Man discreet,
 Who in this World keeps his feet;
 And seeing he no good can do it,
 Can let it stand as he came to it.
 Left this be thought a long digression;
 It was when *Scottish* Lords of Session
 Layes by their Gowns, their Pates to please;
 When some do burn Popes Effigies.
 Whither it be by some mischance,
 Or by some Noxious Influence:
 Of things Ethierial when they stray;
 Or meet in a menacing way.
 In this I am not thoroughly seen:
 Consult *Robin* in *Aberdeen*,
 And *Gadberry*, who speaks of Warrs
 And Peace, by gazing on the Stars. (them
 And when that ye have well sought thro
 Ye'll be as wise as they never knew them.
 Whither it be by some impression,
 The Comet left upon that Nation,

Or from some spitful Exhalations;
 From Surfet Excesse or Repalations,
 Or if it be from Kingdoms greening,
 Or Mall Contents, (ye know my meaning)
 Or if it come from these can Cheat,
 And among Cockle sow good Wheat,
 Or if it be from the Court evil,
 From *Proserpina*, *Pope* or *Devil*,
 Who vexes Land at such a Rate
 With the fowl fine of *Venice State*.
 Or from some underhand Engadgers;
 To be the *Roman Trade's Managers*.
 From Bankrupt Lords, or Publick VVhores:
 Its hard to speak of higher Powers.
 Whither it be from Earth or Hell,
 Or from *French Air*, I cannot tell,
 Or from *St Omers*, or *Lovain*,
 From *Madrid* or *Sevil* in *Spaine*,
 Or from *Lisbon*, or if it be
 From some Convent in *Germanie*.
 (I cannot think it be from *Poland*,
Moscovia, *Denmark*, *Prust*, or *Holland*)
 Or if it be some sad foretoken,
 That Church and Kingdom shall be broken,
 I'll not presume to manifest
 But *Scotland's* troubled with a Tett.
 I do not presently incline
 To scale its Nature or designe,
 To speake of *Auxhoirs* or *Inventors*,
 Oppolers, Favourers, Consenters,

Or;

Or those, who tho they did not love it;
 Had nev'r the courage to disprove it,
 This might be counted *pressure treasures*;
 A wrangld word yet, I may use her,
 When I revising such fond actions,
 Use old *Scots* absolute contractions:
 To portrait Rogues in an Old stile;
 In new it were not worth my while,
 Since I'm perswaded not a few
 Have neatly limm'd them in the new,
 I hope it will be no offence,
 Or if no evil consequence;
 To make Relation of a sort
 Of Clergie Men and their Deport:
 They being men of Publick Station;
 Concerned yearly with the Nation
 How some turns Stupid, others Storm'd;
 How some Refused, and yet conform'd,
 And how some Conscience bounc'd and kickt
 When too sore thrumbl'd, nip't and prick't,
 How some had no restraint would take it
 Because Superior powers did make it,
 How some oppos'd it other doubted;
 And many sentiments about it,
 Which I intend if I have time
 And Genius for a dast Rattyme.
 No *Muses* help I will implore
 For I was nev'r at *Lesbos* shoar
 Neither did haunt *Arcadian* Glens
 Groves, mountains Watersides and Fens

My feet nev'r filed that brooky hill
 Where Ancient Poets drank their fill
 For their did haunt the Nymphs and Muses
 Which old Wives fables so much uses
 There Pan kept sheep, and there it was
 Where the red haird glyed wanton las
 Did skilt through woods ov'r banks and bracs;
 With her blind get: Who Poets sayes
 Could shoot as well as those that sees,
 Yea better then he had eyes.
 There the old Nun her Yairn did windle;
 Which she had spun with Rock and Spindle;
 Here young *Mercurius* to teach thieves,
 Did trift his Bastards Brothers Bieves,
 But these who have the Thames and Humber
 The Tees and Tyne need not them cumber
 To go so farre to fetch a drink
 For I am verie apt to think
 There's als much Vertue Sonce and Pith
 In *Annan*, or the Water of *Nith*;
 Which quietly slips by *Drumfries*;
 Als any Water in all *Greece*.
 For there and several other places
 About mill dams and green brac faces,
 Both Elrich, Elfs and Brownies staved,
 And Green gown'd Farries daunc'd and played;
 When old *John Knox*, and other some
 Began to plott the Baggs of Rome
 They suddenly took to their heels,
 And did no more frequent these fields:

But if *Romes* Pipes perhaps they hear,
 Sure for their Interest, they'll compar
 Again, and play their old Hells Tricks,
 But lest that I should seem Pollix,
 To paraphrase I'll make an end,
 And touch the matter I intend.

On *August* last day as ye know,
 This *Test* obtain'd the force of Law;
 And all subscriptions were to carry,
 A date, before first *January*,
 And tho they're several Men that say,
 The black horn'd Devil bides his day.
 Yet Zeal Catholick prest the *Test*,
 Before it well got out of Nest;
 So like a Thiets neck it did run,
 With shellie Lodging on its bun;
 Which strange depart both near and farr,
 Caused the poor Clergie, muse and jarr,
 And begg the favour of the Act,
 Ere they were forc'd the *Test* to take.
 VVhen the poor Men had done their best,
 It was applyed go take the *Test*.
 In this Quandarie it did please
 The Bishop of the *Diocese*,
 To call the Clergie all together,
 To weigh the matter and consider:
 He thought when all were met, they would
 Make of a bad Game what they could.
 When they were met, & doors were closed,
 And in their seats were well composed:

That

That there might not be much delaying,
 The Cavalier bad some be saying,
 Since no need was for his reciting
 The end and Reasons of their meeting.
 And he would tell what was his mind,
 When he their Lintiments should find.
 When they began to point and gaze
 Up start brave Sophiee with a fraze,
 For he was big with some disanting
 Where *Qua* and *Quod* were nothing wanting.
 He moves his hands and then his feet,
 And causes browes with fat cheeks meet,
 And then to Heaven casts up his eyes,
 Like a Mals Priest at Sacrifice,
 He bends his capon breast and belly
 He thought himself a Fellow j fly,
 With many moe such Antick motions
 Occasion'd by Chymerick notions,
 And after rites of Courtisie
 He thus began in Majestie:
 My Lord, our meeting at this place
 Is to decide a weighty case
 In which our Faith and Manners too
 Have much concernment and adoe
 But since in a more solemne way
 It doth concern our Loyalty
 To Higher Powers lets not be rash
 Lest our good Name may get a dash,
 If we our Loyalty should stain
 I know not what we shall retain.

I'll not use much *exordium*
 But to the purpose I will come;
 I have considered the *Test*
 And scruples wherewith some are prest
 Objections, Doubts, and every thing,
 Which make some Brethren flink and fling;
 Which done, I'm forced to suppose,
 There's many's sight as shorts their nose,
 Or else we would not thus miscarry,
 And be in such feiry ferry.
 I know it is the common cry,
 The *Test* doth Opposites imply:
 Then surely seeing it cannot
 Stand with it self in every jot:
 If King and Council do not mend it;
 No Soul can take it, or defend it.
 But pray be pleas'd to lend your ear;
 I hope to make the thing as clear,
 To any Man that hath a Head,
 As Ale and Potage, Milk and Bread:
 And make it pass the straitest Neck,
 Like Malago, or Cherry-Sack,
 I'm Man enough for't, do not doubt it;
 Attend and I shall fall about it,
 Consider first, the *Test* doth bring,
 In its last Part, no other thing,
 Then that wherewith we're all content,
 At least we have giv'n our consent,
 Either in words *Formaliter*,
 Or practise *Virtualiter*:

VVhich

VVhich well considered, cannot but
 Help well to looke this *Gordian Knot*.
 In the first Clause doth ly our streels;
 There's rugged work I must confels,
 But let a good Logician Pause,
 And well consider why that Clause
 Is now enjoyn'd, and let him weigh
 VVhat *Qua*, and what Formalitie
 It cometh under, he may read,
 Consistence as clear as a Bead,
 And need not stumble or demurr;
 VVith Soul and Conscience to concurr;
 It is intended to secure
 Us, from the *Babylonish VVhore*;
 Old Heresies and Innovations,
 That rageth in our Neighbour Nations;
 And joynd to the other clause,
 To keep us subject to the Laws,
 To banish Niceries and Schisms,
 Precisenels and Fanaticisms.
 I hope there's no Man here to day;
 Presumes to think farr less to say,
 That ev'r it was design'd to reave,
 The King of his Prerogative.
 Or to turn Prelates to the Door,
 Or to impare their Right and Power.
 Now let it fully serve its ends
 It ought abound or do offend.
 And so your Conscience prick or gnaw,
 Let it be brought to this new Law;

By

By which it's easie to conclude,
 How each thing should be understood.
 Posterior Laws annul each thing,
 By which their purpose and design,
 In former Laws is contradicted.
 Then Conscience here need not be pricked,
 For let this Law have Life or Breath,
 Each thing in that Symbole of Faith :
 VVhich may oppose losses it's feet,
 Turns absolute, and is attrite.
 In short I think there's none so fond,
 But knows how Scripture is expon'd :
 To wit, the darker by the plainer,
 Here we must do in that same manner.
 Pray Brethren but consider then,
 That we the Symbole must explain;
 Not by the first Authors intentions,
 But by the Orders and Inventions,
 VVhich since were statute and now stand
 Establisht within our Land.
 Let no Man say that I presume,
 Power Legislative to assume,
 For by their favour that so saith,
 I by their Laws expone my Faith.
 I hope now I have red the floor,
 And put confusion to the door.
 I think I need not be precise,
 Each thing to particularise.
 Yet least that any should expect,
 That I should every point dissect:

Of all our fetters I will red you,
Distinguish but as I shall bid you,

A head (a) that is *Coordinate*,
From that which is *Subordinat*,

A head *in sensu Proprio*,

From one in sensu *Analogo*,

Distinguish me a head *Per se*

From *per sequellam*, flowing fræc

The power Christian Magistrats;

Which with the same coagulats:

And Tyrants (b) who want titles just

From those who cheat and break their trust.

And do not foster foolish fictions,

By argumenting from (c) restrictions,

Not do not think that every thing

That's to be offered to a King

When to be crown'd (a) altho rejected

(a) Obj: *Against the Test from the 8 Act of Par.*

*KING JAMES 6: there the King being oblidge to
take the Coronation Oath for the preservation of
the Protestant Religion and Liberty of the Subjects.*

Doth make his right to be suspected.

I hope there's none wants this Impression,

Who reads the new Act of Succession.

Apply these to the kittle places,

That makes you wink and throw your faces:

You assure it will discus him,

And make you currant *ad amissum*

E

(a) Art: 11

Lin: 24,

Conf: Faith

(b) Art: 14

Lin: 12.

(c) Art: 14

L. 10 & 12

He makes a small bowe, takes his seat,
 And looks like *Don* in Regall state.
 Vain pride did circumsaile his eyes
 Which now he throws towards the skyes,
 And then then he squints them on his *Mates*
 As they had been a pack of Rates.
 These did conclude, that saw his starings;
 He thought himself no stinking herrings,
 While some were grieving, some were groaning,
 Some in their heart; their case bemoaning
 Some hanging heads down like a Bulrush,
 Some looking Briskly that were full sprush;
 Some turning up their gay *Mustachoes*,
 And others robbing their dull passes,
 And others rounding to their Gols.
 That you was an *Aurelian* clois,
 Upstarts a Priest and his hug head claws;
 Whose *Conscience* was but yet in dead *Thraws*
 And did not cease to cawe and pawt,
 While clyred back was prickt and gald,
 Which frighted with this strange surpris
 Wrought to its knees, and strove to rise.
 But racked tendons, deizie head
 Toom nerves, dry veins made it with speed;
 Fall back, and then begin to grasp
 Like a dead Mare at the last gasp.
 And says, ye speak sir like a Man
 Who meikle with your Logick can,
 But theres a Clause, sir, at the end o'r,
 Even for my Benefon gare amend it.

No Glols, nor sweet Equivocation;
Distinction Mentall Reservation :
 No Logick *qua*, nor *ens rationis*,
 Though *Suarez*, *Scotus*, de *Raonis*,
 Though *Thomas*, *Compton*, *Bone spei*,
 Were here to help, would bear a sway;
 To make a Man though of a dull wit,
 If he knew a B by a Bull foot;
 To undertake that drearie task,
 And then put on the bootless mask
 Of some ill spun Equivocation,
 Or *Metaphysick* Explication,
 Let the explainer do his best,
 The foresaid clause of this black *Test*,
Hocipso that he doth explaine,
 Makes perjury his Conscience stain;
 Since to that sense he's bound to swear;
 That the plain words do use to bear;
 Your Clergie is not with a bubble
 Your Notions flee like dust and stubble;
 Before the Winde, where e're it blows,
 You'r fit to butcher a good cause.
 To speak the thing I think my self,
 Let's lay our compt, with Death and hell
 With Contumelie, slight and shame,
 While we Inhabite this dull frame,
 Let's take the *Test* there's no relief,
 And bruike our pudding, bread and Beefe,
 Lye by our fires, and warm our leads,
 And sleep on coats of geese and hens.

Ot els resolve on racked necks,
 By some plutonick *Carnifex*,
 And though you should dit up my mouth
 I'll swear this is the naked truth:
 Thus having said, he's like to faint,
 Gaunts like a *Mouk*, precile in Lent:
 But this did raise the *Sophees* humor,
 His face sum'd in blosietumot.
 His words came out by tuos together,
 For one could not abide another;
 They were so hastie to bate down,
 That long laye Lugged Landward Lown.
 That had the *Sophee* so abused,
 Thus he broke out in words confused.
 Iknew some peevish Clawnish Carlie,
 Would make some noise & hurly burlic.
 You speak Sir, and you wot not what,
 Yet must be meuting like a Cat,
 Another Trade sir, lets you better,
 Then to speak none sense in a matter
 Of such concernment, Sir your skill
 Were some what fitter for the mill,
 To Reconcile the hoop and clapper,
 With Lyer, Runner, and the Happer;
 We came not here with Fools to clatter,
 Or wave our fingers in the water,
 Let one that knows the case speak sense,
 And he shall get an audience.
 The *Priest* said nought, but *Bretheren* truly,
 This Gentlemen, can not be throughly,

But then a Priest both wise and sage;
 Who griev'd to see the *Sophees* rage;
 Who did abhorre his bight and *Huffings*;
 His *Hectorings*, his *stares*. and *Inuffings*;
 He could not bide his vain pretences,
 Contriv'd to cheat Mens consciences,
 Rose up, and in a sober manner,
 Began to speak, whereof the tenor
 As follows is, (where ye may see
 His Candor and *Fidelitie*)
 My Lord, and Gentlemen, I think
 It is no time for us to wink,
 Or in our eyes to put our Thumbs!
 Or to be *meanac'd* with threats & glooms;
 Well speak our minds *Though* we be weak,
 For Soul and conscience is at stake:
 But yet my Brethren e're I trace,
 Brave *Sophee's* sentiments in the case;
 His arguings and his probations,
 Distinctions and his explications;
 I am forc'd to beg your leave to tell,
 If what we say he do refell,
 As he hath now refel'd our Brother,
 We need not speak I pray consider,
 He spake nothing might give offence,
 The thing he said was wit and sense.
 And if my judgement do not fail.
 Upon the head he hit the nail.
 And with one blow drive it so right,
 That it's not be rever'd this night.

But

But

But now I will come to the point;
 And *Sophees* Couplings disjoint,
 Which if I do not bring to passe
 There others here that can canvals
 And shew, that they are wanting weight;
 To crook a conscience that is straight.
 But now good *Sophees* I will trace you,
 And think not that I do disgrace you;
 If I enquire in Veritie
 And lie not on *Authoritie*,
 Sir, as to what you first assert
 I will not touch for my own part;
 For though I think it wants probation
 And might abide sharp disputation,
 It is not the perplexed *Nexus*
 That thus doth intricate and vex us.
 Whereas ye say, we must perpend
 The Causes, Tendancie, and End.
 I do confels, we so shal do,
 And easilie shall grant you to,
 Both workers and works tendencie
 In this did at the first agree
 To banish Antichristian Fables,
 Masse, Altars, holy Ground, and Tables
 Romes Orders, Pennance and Precessions,
 Its Dispensations, Ear Confessions,
 Its Holy Waters, and its Bells,
 Its Spittle, Salt, and South run Wells,
 Its Purgatory, and its Prayers,
 For Dead, its Monks, and its Masse Sayers,
 Its

Its Friars, Dependents, and Abettors;
 Encouragers and all *Romes* creatures:
 Its Saints, Relicks, Image Worship,
 Which to poor Souls brought skaiſh and herſhip;
 Its Hierarchy & all its Traſhry
 That ſtain'd Mens conſcience with its faſhry.
 The works intention is the ſame
 ſince in the very words and frame,
 Its renovat confirm'd and Preſt,
 As the firſt claule of this new Teſt:
 And ſurely the Confirmers project
 Can come no better in our proſpect,
 Then by perpending uſuall ſigns,
 To wit words ſentences and lynes,
 By which they do themſelves expreſſe,
 And very plainly do profeſſe,
 That all concern'd muſt ſigne and ſwear
 In the ſame ſcale the words do bear.
 Which if we do, we plainly loſſe
 The help of your *Auvelſion* gloſſe.
 But Sir, it ſeems your explication,
 Doth intervert its Ordination.
 This ſymbol was formed that we
 From *Roman Harlotry* ſhould free
 By it Church Members were inſtructed
 In Truth and Unity conducted,
 By it they ſaw how to evite
 The Paths of Babylonish ſect:

But

But Sir, your glosses lends us to rake
 The dig'st that *Popes* and Devils make;
 The same to search and fall a finding,
 What part of this Symbol is binding.
 A brave refuge I must confesse,
 For a poor conscience in distresse
 Your arguing will lose it sale
 And turn as wersh as saljels kail,
 To any who this Symbol reads
 And finds that there are several heads
 That doth oppose *Catholicisme*
 And foster that which ye call Schisme.
 Good *Sophes*, I would have you minding;
 That by your Clergie these are bindings
 Because they're opposite to *Popery*,
 To *Antichristian* Trash and *Poppery* :
 Yet their Validity you raze
 Since they promote the Whiggish cause.
 That *Christ is only Head and King*
 Of his own Church, thwarts the Designe,
 Of *Popery*; and for Whiggs do make
 Against the Explicating Act.
 Since it both Monarchs, Kings and *Popes*,
 And Princes from that Headship Lopes,
 And since the *Pope* doth not presume,
 An equall Headship to assume
 But will be satisfied, that
 He be esteem'd a Deligat,
 A man of Reason must conclude
 This clause doth not only exclude

A Head that is Coordinate,
 But that which is subordinate.
 So this *Distingu*'s not well founded,
 The rest I think no better grounded.
 Pray Sir, who ever yet did plead;
 To be an *Analogick* Head?
 Neither could such a Headship 'gree
 With our present Supremacie.
 And whar a monstrous Headship's that
 That floweth from the Magistrate
 Sir, if your *Logicks* here be good,
 The Church shall have a Multitude
 Of heads: and yet one Body still,
 Let men say of it what they will:
 The Pope hath satt the better Plea
 About this businels then we,
 And justly flings that foul disgrace
 Of Female Heads upon our Face.
 But here I need not to insist,
 Read at your leasure if you list,
Gillespie, Gatherwood and Voet;
 Who puts the matter out of doubt,
 Since it a Good Work is Reputed,
 To liberat the persecuted,
 And to defend Poor Sakeles Wights,
 Who may be Robbed of their Rights;
 Als well by Kings their malverlation,
 As by a *Cromwells* Ulurpation,
 Your *Logick* Sir's, not worth a Spittle
 'Twixt Rogues that have and want a Title.

Who

Who knows the acting and condition
 Of these who fram'd this old Confession;
 How Knox with Leithingtown did reason,
 And when he was accus'd of Treason;
 How to the Queen he Answered,
 And what report the counsel made:
 May without labour clearly find,
 That your distinction is but winde.
 Which is considered will make good;
 What from that sentence we conclude,
 Which if restricted, I am loath
 To touch the Coronation Oath,
 If the Sessions Act be right;
 I think that Oath can have no weight;
 For all your confidence, good Master
 You must prepare a fitter plaster
 Then these distinctions, for I'm sure
 They will not work a kindly cure;
 I am no Lawyer I confess
 Yet by your leave I'lle grossly guess,
 Thought new Laws may the old correct;
 And so deprive them of effect;
 It betters not your cause a straw
 For by your Argument, no Law
 Can pair the Test, the smallest whit;
 Since there's none subsequent to it:
 About Religion and I hope
 You will not make a Law to loupe;
 And shed it self, and hear my Brothers;
 One place cannot explain another.

Its made already fully clear

The present Text no gloss can bear;

Good Sir your Logicks were farr better,

For Forme substantial, and first matter,

Chimeras, Atomes and void places,

And for imaginary spaces

For Occult Qualities and Unions,

Instincts and Summulists Opinions,

(To tell your young Logicians,

What Father Aristotle means,

By actus in potentia entis,

Qua in potentia) ratio mentis

Proportionales aequale

Partes, & Sphaera primo mota:

With many moe such trothie quibbles,

Which Schoolmens, brains throw out like bubbles,

For Universals and Relations,

Then for connecting Implications

A Chaplane's easier refuted

Then such a matter prosecuted.

The Sun had not sing'd *Phaetons* hair,

Had he not walk'd beyond his sphere,

Narcissus fond with *Eccho's* clatter

And other Huffsies sleight and flatter,

To see his face, ran to a pool

And there lay gazing like a fool;

For at this time the Lads and Lasses,

Had not the use of locking Glasses

While turning dize down he fell,

With heels o'r head into the well.

Our

Our country Dames must try the Leaching;
 And old King *James* must fall a Preaching.
Baxter must be a Conjecture,
 Of pugnacious Tenents, I Conjecture
 In stead of Amicitie and Union
 He broacheth out a new Opinion;
 VVho Soweth such Reconciliations
 Reaps liberally Innovations
 And are derided for their pains;
 And repute Men of floating brains,
 Dame *Talmash* when she turn'd her Grace;
 In Parliament, must have her place;
 VVho knew the verity I Trow,
 The half of this will serve her now;
 There some old horse turn'd out of stable;
 When young Dames are at Council Table;
 The Fate of somewere once Dandillies;
 Might teach the younger Stags and Fillies,
 Not for to Trample poor Cart-Horse
 Yet they still the worse and worse:
 Though when they're high they flisk and fike;
 Yet Dogs get of their bones to pick
 Men cannot walk within their Stations,
 But *Pimps* and *Whores* must govern Nations
Grotius must be a Divine,
 The Bramble must Protect the Pine,
Salmasius must write in Law,
 There's many Apes of *Aesops* Crew
 For all this there might be some seen,
 If Mortals would but strive with Men.

But Kings and Poets, I'll say nought bot;
 It's not unknown what *Herod* Got ;
 Some hungry Tykes falls by the Ears,
 From others cheekblades collops Tears,
 About the Licking of the Looms,
 Before the beast to shambles comes ;
 They louse their rusk's on either cheek side,
 By Tawing on each others thick hide ,
 So strength and vigour they both lole,
 Before the Neats head get a tossle ;
 The one of them may lole his Thraple ;
 Before the Bull begin to grapple ;
 So a third birckie ofr comes to ,
 And gets the whole with small ado,
 Our *Bishops* must be Potentats,
 And *Logick* men turns Advocats ,
 Though ignorance sometimes may marr them,
 They whiles get places better for them,
 Lawers, Advocats and Clerks,
 Are not so subject to Remarks
 With Courtly Ladies in their Coaches,
 Nor do incurr such hard reproaches ;
 Nor yet are so in peoples mouth;
 As these that should instruct the Youth;
 But these who are long in abuse
 And have drunk in some Childish use,
 Are very fair to keep that stain,
 Some Coward Coulie of this strain
 Come moved by some Schoolish Toy
 Ran Rampant on a Schollar Boy.

Did

Did tear and grasp him with his claws,
 For he had now laid by his Tawes
 And gave him many a souce and slope,
 For some what did concerne the Pope
 Canonized at *Edinburgh* Crosse,
 In so as I do suppose.
 Such *Achilleian* facts as this
 Will turn a Master to a Sir;
 But lest much speaking do me skaith;
 I'll sit me down, and draw my breath;
 When this was said, another start up,
 Who for a while had not got heart up
 But Melancholy, grief, and sturr,
 Had overwhelm'd and done him hurrt;
 Men by his visage understood,
 That he was in a dumpish mood:
 Sometimes he on his breast did clap;
 Sometimes drew down his Satine cap:
 Put back his hair out by his eares,
 He was not farr from shedding tears
 In the Oppacity of grief
 He cries what plots, O what Mischiefe!
 And still a Kirkman at the nuike o't!
 Though old *Golbourn* should bear the buick o't,
 Then he began to muse and pause,
 Like Puller dropt from a Glades claws;
 But having grief somewhat compassed,
 Thus to the rest himself adressed;
 Our Fathers, sirs, Civill and Ghastlie;
 Doth traite us in a manner beastly,

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If they respected us, our station
 Our Flocks or their Edification
 The Test to us they would not tender,
 And us more Odious still render
 Its known the bulk of all the Nation,
 Are troubled at our ingression,
 (a) Now we'll get nought but Rogue and knave;
 If in this matter we behave
 As some have done; yea they'll esteem
 Us of all mankind the soul Fine
 I hope there's none so void of senses?
 To think we're fram'd to flatter Princes?
 To foster pranks, and hellish plots,
 And be admirers of soundots
 To serve mens lust the Pope and Devill;
 Sure bretheren, this proceeds of evill.
 Tho it were 'mongst indifferent things,
 Since such offence it with it brings;
 We might refuse't with good defence,
 Since we're obleidge'd in conscience,
 Evill's appearance to evill,
 Lest we cause weak ones loose their feet;
 What ever frolicks men may foment,
 Scandall's a matter of great moment:
 Read *Duram* and *Calvin* well,
 If from their reasons ye refuse;
 Ple count you Sots, or that you Knaverie
 Will lead us back to Roman slavie.

(a) *At our subjection to the Prelate, and other
 Traffrie might dolate.*

When

VVhen he these Honest Men had cited,
 Some of the Clergie frown'd and fretted,
 Some smil'd, and some fell in a laughter,
 Some look'd like Butchers making slaughter,
 Or like a VVife that doth begin
 To pull wooll from a stinking skin;
 Some fell a grunting like a Pig,
 And some cry'd out, a *Whig*, a *Whig*!
 But this commoved the Priests choller;
 It did convert in ire his Dolour.
 His Vilage chang'd, he Fumes and Rages,
 Like to a *Suitzer* wanting VVages;
 Then in the Vinegar of VVrath
 He briskly to his Brethren saith,
 Now Gentlemen, I know your meaning;
 I know for what you are a Greening;
 It's *Anticrist* his Pipes and Fiddles,
 And other Tools, wherewith he Widdles,
 Poor Caitiffs into dark delusions,
 Grols Ignorance and deep Confusions.
 He'll be repute a Man that cites
 A Rabble of the *Jesuites*,
 And Airie Schoolmen, but if we
 Cite men Famous for Pietie,
 Their Learning, and for doing Good
 Who in their time firmly withstood
 Both Error, *Heresie* and *Schisme*;
 It will be term'd *Phanaticisme*;
 I would with scripture clear the matter;

But

(8r)

But to forebear I think it better;
It doth not set a sound Divine,
To cast his Pearles before swine;
I have too solid Ground to fear,
You would it also mock and jeer:
Tho at such pranks my heart doth bleed,
I'll no more spurr a Mare that's dead.
He set him down and said no more,
Turn'd melancholious as before.
When he had said another rose,
Agay Divine as I suppose,
Who loved neither Monk nor Frier;
He bow'd first to the Cavalier,
And then he did himself Curvar,
To all the Brethren as they sat;
Then with a voice both whole & clear,
He thus broke Silence as you's hear:
My Lord, and Brethren, I intend,
In a few words to comprehend,
What I'm to speak, give ear I pray,
That I to an Amen, may say,
Brethren, it seems this Test alledges,
That neither Covenant obliges,
That they do not us ty or bind,
To Duties that's therein contain'd.
But I confess, I'm forc'd to grant,
And am confirm'd, the Covenant
Call'd National, in it nought hath,
But what's in this Symbol of Faith,
Or Statutes made for its behove,
Which I'll endeavour for to prove:

E

No

No sober Man as I expect,
 Can against any point object;
 If it be not *Mensual* Supply,
 In case that One or All should be
 Oppressed for Religions sake:
 And none can this Objection make;
 Since it's repure in this Confession,
 A good Work to Repress Oppression:
 And to defend the Innocent.
 And such are they who feel restraint,
 Are Harassed and suffer Lesion,
 Because of their incite Adhesion;
 To Pure Worship, Doctrine sound;
 And Discipline that hath a Ground
 On Scripture, all which we must grant;
 To them who fram'd the Covenant:
 Because they held the same with thole;
 Who this Confession did compose:
 If any taste the Old Tale,
 Which with the simple may prevail;
 To wit, we sought not to defend
 Our Faith with Swords, I condescend;
 And yet when I perpend the Matter,
 Our Cause is not a whit the better.
 For if you shall assault a Man,
 Because he neither will nor can
 Quit his Religion, you compel
 That person, to defend himself;
 This without doubt the Law of Nature;
 Doth grant to every Humane Creature.

This none in Reason can restrict;
 Because of persons that assist.
 Or their Prerogative; for why
 It's very easie to reply,
 If we consider well the thing,
 And trace this Defence to its Spring;
 It's seated in the Creature's Right,
 Without considering the Wight
 That doth the Violence; and hence
 We Lawfully may use Defence,
 Against those that are in high Distractions;
 Altho their Violence and Actions,
 If they be taken properly,
 Cannot be called Injury;
 From this precisely flows the other,
 As wit, to help our sakelels Brother:
 Whose Defence we ought to carry;
 As in our own, and not to vary.
 This Right cannot be Alienat,
 And all roll'd on the Magistrat.
 Since all the Learn'd without Debate,
 Sayes it's a Principle innate:
 And doth accompany Man's Nature;
Hoc ipso, that he's such a Creature:
 Which Point if pithily discuss'd,
 Will dash *Hob's* policy to dust;
 The Magistrat is a fitt Mean
 And Instrument for to maintain
 This Right, by him the People may
 Exercise the same, in a safe way.

But these things to the *Whiggs* I'll leave,
 There's somewhat more it's like may give
 Ground for Objection, I will see,
 If it hath Pitch or Energie.
 It's like some thinks the foresaid tye,
 Doth *Prelats* casting our imply :
 We'll let it be so there's no skaith,
 So doth this Symbol of Faith.
 Yea Gentlemen it would be found
 A kittle put from the said Bond
 To disprove *Prelats*, if it were
 Not that it doth Reinferre,
 In terms this same Case and Condition,
 The Church had under this Confession,
 Before King *James* began to task us,
 When he saw Altars at *Damascus* :
 Lest any think there is no place
 In this Symbol, can clear the Case;
 Let such be pleas'd to make inspection,
 Of eighteenth Article or Section,
 Their Discipline as instituted,
 By Holy Scripture, is Reputed,
 One of the Churches Marks and Signs;
 Then read but foreward two three lines,
 Where the then Members do profess,
 That the True Marks they do possess :
 Now Gentlemen, consider that
 Discipline duely Ministrat,
 Must be by all, and only those,
 On whom the Scripture doth impole

The same, and I trow Gentlemen;
No Prelat, no Person, or Dean,
Print'd Function when this Symbol was
Compiled, and brought to pass.

(a) If there be any more Objections,
Show them, I shall give my Reflections
On them; But if ye plainly see
The foresaid Bond's Matter to be
In this Confession comprehended,
I think this Point is fully ended.

You see then Brethren, where we stand;
We this Test shall take in Hand.
I hope here's none who will cut Capers,
Like Torrys when South-Eastern Vapors,
Moments their Heads, who fall a roaring,
Sacred and Humane Things devouring;
Trampling every thing that brings
Not Birth from interrupted Kings!
There's none I hope will strive to mix
The Earth with *Heavens*, & World unfix;
Saying such Bonds wanting Supply,
Of sovereign Authority,
Are rendred Irre, by rescinding,
Which otherwise were sound and binding;
Or want of the Superiours Will,
Makes such Bonds, *ipso jure*, null:
Though that to which we do us bind,
Be Duty not to be Declin'd.

(a) Neither did then our Church men with
Course Sceptick Stilling Fleet.

Or things indifferent, in no sort
 Can do our Neighbour Harm or Hurt;
 If any Kirkman be so gross,
 He'll find that he incurs a Loss,
 The highest infamy and shame
 By reading *Heathens*, treats the *Theam*,
Civilians, and *Cannonists*;
 Yea the most Gross of *Romanists*:
Pinto with *Acheron's* Train'd Bands,
 Had scarceane such a Work in Hands;
 Had not *Spinoza*, *Hob's*, and *Parkers*
 Extimulate these hellish *Barkers*,
 To give them help to trim such Warrs,
 And make them Current at Court-Fairs,
 Neither's this Scoup-hole with a flee,
 Or sixteen h part of a Kildee.
 When speaking of this Covenant,
 Which was confirm'd by Parliament,
 From what is said it is apparent,
 That Discipline must be inherent
 Into the Church, since it's a Mark;
 How Men may ken an Honest Kirk:
 Which granted, can Government be
 Affixt to Regal Dignitie?
 I cannot see it, and think,
 When I look it, I not wink.
 Brethren, there is some other Ground
 Of scruples, which I will profound,
 Some Gentlemen, that's apt to Bartle,
 Some seem two Sentences to Tartle;

Contained in this Ancient Creed;
 To wit, a *Preter Scriptural Deed*,
 Is evil and that *Romes Baptizing*,
In their Mass, Priest, Crossing and Greasing,
And Ordination is stark nought
 Since the Whoor to her hight was brought;
 For me I do not think it fit,
 On our Reformer's Face to spit;
 Without a very pressing Reason;
 And this is a most dangerous season;
 To drive out holes in our hedge dykes,
 When *Babel's Foxes*, and such Tykes,
 Are endeavouring them to scale,
 Yea rather to ding down the Wall.
 Perpend but pray, what deeds we call;
Omnino preter scriptural?
 It's not such Acting that a Man
 By solid Argumenting, can
 Prove that the Scripture doth permit;
 Though there be no Command for it;
 Precise, Precedent, or Example;
 Of such Acts there are numbers ample:
 As to make Pots of Earth and Bones,
 And Tombs of Lead, or Marble Stones;
 To drink Brandie, or Usquebac,
 And Thatch with Heather, Broom, or Straw;
 To smoak Tobacco, and make Suins,
 And drink of Barlie, Pease or Beans;
 And shoot with Guns in stead of Bowes,
 And delve deep Braes with spades and howes.

To wear Drogits and thousands such;
 That were not necessary to touch;
 But Acts that neither from command,
 Nor Precedent, can sit a stand,
 Neither by sound Argumentation
 From Scripture can have clear probation
 To be permitted; These I shall
 Call Acts that's *Preter Scriptural*;
 And such are baptizing of Bells,
 Hollowing Altars, Kirk and Cells,
 Torturing of the Penitent,
 Refusing to eat Flesh in Lent:
 Imposing Nock'd-Caps and Cow'd-Heads;
 The wearing Relicks, Cross, or Beads,
 (To worship any of the three,
 Is horrible Idolatrie)
 Convents of Nuns, Monks, and Friars;
 And Surplices, which Curats wears,
 For to impose gray Gowns, or Mantles,
 Or any such base Tritle Trantles.
 If what I say be understood,
 The first Assertion will be good,
 To these that are the Truth confessing,
 In heart or loss skill in guessing;
 As for the second I'm content,
 Before the black Council of Trent:
 And e're Reformers did presume,
 To warn poor Souls to flee from Rome;
 That *Whoorish Mother* of Confusion,
 And Noxious Nurse of Hell's delusion.

Ere *Antichrist* came to his height,
Romes Ordination might have weight;
 But after *Princedomes, States, and Nations*,
 Had com'd good length in *Reformations*,
 After the *Beast* had sturr'd his Taile,
 And set against them Tooth and Naile,
 And rous'd the Emperour and Kings,
 And all under the Dragons wings,
 To wedge a Warr against the Saints;
 And to tread down the tender plants;
 By which in formal Solemn manner,
 He spread out *Antichrist* his Banner.

I must confess, I'm not so free,
 To plead for the Validitie
 Of *Roman Orders*: It turrells lower,
 That *Antichrist* in his full power,
 And formall Warr against the *Jest*,
 Should yet retain this *Power and Trust*.
 Yea weighty Reasons me inclines,
 To think some Eminent Divines,
 Makes their Assertions here to Thwart,
 And one anothers Checks to scart;
 In their asserting clois that he
 Who keeps each Point of *Papacie*,
 And so remains till Life be gone,
 Shall never have Salvation.
 And yet will not say to the full;
 Their Baptisms and Missions null;
 I hope we shall not loose Instruction,
 If I shall by a clear Induction

About this Argue, and shall fear
 The Basis of the whole Debate.
 Upon the general Consents
 Of well Reformed Protestants;
 To wit, that in the Papacie
 As such compleat, there cannot be
 Salvation and my Assenting,
 Will make Charitie Relenting.
 But my Induction I'll Exhibit,
 Impugne it after *cut libet*.
Where no soul safety can be found,
No Faith can grow upon that Ground;
Where Faith cannot be, I am sure,
None bears the Truth that's Clean and Pure;
And where an Hearing cannot be,
There is no Real Ministrie;
Where this cannot be, there's no Mission,
So no such Power in their Possession,
 Now having ended, I will come,
A Primo, to the Whimum.
In Rome as such, there's no Salvation,
And so no Power of Ordination;
 But pray you, take my Tale together.
 And rive not one Limb from another.
 Either subvert my Broad Foundation,
 Or suffer my Argumentation
 To stand, lest striving it to trouble,
 Ye Mire into a Hubble Bubble.
 But Brethren, what if one should say;
 Tho Rome's Missions in Genere,

Have strength and be acknowledg'd rate,
 Yet they might be invalidate,
 Within a Churches Jurisdiction,
 The Church having made a Relcation,
 In general, of any Power
 Conferred by that *Pestsome Whore*:
 On any Man within their Border,
 Sure all that loveth Peace and Order,
 Will grant the Church hath power to Tax
 Church Officers, for fouldsome Facts;
 For their unfitness want of Care,
 Or going to a *Romag Fair*,
 To buy a *Messon* and *Recal*,
 Their *Ordination*, if it shall
 Be found Convenient, pray you, why
 Should Men unto the Church deny?
 In bulk for to make null Men's *Missions*?
 On weighty Causes, and Conditions?
 But here Objections and Replies,
 And Intricacies might arise:
 I'll close, and will not search into
 Church Power, and what a Church can do;
 When well inform'd in their Directions,
 And Acts against future Defections,
 What they may clear evacuate,
 And what they might Exterminate
 From them, and their Posteritie,
 Then having made a Courtesie,
 With all due Rites, in such a Case,
 He set him down, and held his Peace.

Then

Then rose a Priest both brisk and bold,
 He was both sturdy, right and Tall,
 He rould his Visage round about
 As he had risen necks to clout :
 He was so blosie some did think
 That he had got his Morning drink.
 He threw a gruntle, hands did fold,
 Sometimes on his Kanes head took hold.
 His cloudly brows, and frizled hair,
 Did tell he was thuart cros grain'd ware
 He looked just like such as we,
 Say is for the check of a Plea,
 Or like a fellow, to be brief,
 Into whose hands there's a mischief;
 He was not for the *French* Nig naves,
 But briskly to his Brethren sayes,
 Good Gentlemen we may not doubt,
 Wherefore the Duke of *York's* left out,
 And is exempted from the Test,
 Wherewith he doth turmoyl the rest;
 In publick Trust, in Church and State,
 Mepacing some at a great rate,
 This is a very shrewd beginning,
 I think I know what was the meaning,
 He thinks not fit to flench and flatter,
 But to prove gallant in the matter,
 And when he his designs commences,
 Rears up *Romas* Kennels, yaids & fences,
 We shall not have the tale to cant,
 Take up your King and Covenant.

A man of Spirit might Burn for Shame,
 That Scotland thus should lose its Fame.
 But Gentlemen, when I do Read
 This our Reformers Ancient Creed,
 I do perceive in severall parts,
 It very Pithily Asserts,
 Professed *Catholicks* to be
 Guilty of Grosse Idolatrie,
 And Blasphemies, why are not all
 Such grosse Delinquents great and small
 Call'd to Account, and when convicted
 Made bear the pains should be inflicted
 On such Transgressors, I confesse
 Men that are Men could do no less.
 But we are troubled with a Pack
 Who truth and justice do Ranlack.
 Devour their Bretheren that are tender,
 Kill some, makes others lurk and wander
 In Dens and Desarts with pale Faces,
 For Sympathising with their Cales:
 And so make us that are Conformed,
 Stink in the nose of all Reformed;
 And here are severall sitting, that
 Have their part largely in the Pot.
 A pack of Rogues I'm a twidder
 To dash some heads against each other
 Tho some's Exempted from the Test,
 They're not Exempted from the Rest,
 Of penal statutes (who ere saw
 A Subject plac'd above the Law)

Which

Which rightly weigh'd and put in use,
 Might yet caule some to shoot the huile,
 Should we receive the Noxious Humors,
 That raised Gangrens, Pox, and Tumors:
 And at the length by strong Purgation,
 Evacuat by the *Engliss* Nation.
 A hout upon us a Disgrace,
 Let's sling their Dirt back on their Face:
 I had said ---- had not my senses
 Been clogg'd with Pestsome Effluences,
 Of thir *Chymerick* Naughty Talkers,
 They smell like work-houles of Wakers,
 Of Test and of the Test Defenders,
 It's wonder Brethren no Man renders;
 But I presume, I keene the Case,
 This has been made a *Holly* Place.
 By the hot Water of Saint *Giles*,
 Or some Old Saints brui'd thir Fields;
 It was no wonder some enquir'd,
 (A flenting Fellow who desir'd
 To roule the Test) whither it was
 Unto the Heav'ns the high plain pass?
 He answered, it's the high street,
 They swore that he was indiscreet,
 For to exclude His Majestie,
 Together with His Familie;
 Although the Cavalier sat durne,
 It's very like, by other some,
Fuisset dictum ei querenti,
Non fit injuria volenti.

But

As to make wambles, I must close;
 And with my Fist must stop my Nose.
 Another rose, made his Congees,
 And said, my Brethren, if you please,
 Hear out my Tale, it's be but short,
 And half in earnest, half in sport.
 Some States are plagu'd with Snakes and Frogs,
 And other Kingdoms with Mad Dogs.
 Which cause a *Hydrophobia*,
 And others with *Tarantulia*,
 Some with *Lions*, some with *Bears*,
 And *Wolves*, which Flock and Cattle tears,
 Some with Monkeys and Babouns,
 Thought Rareties within our Towns.
 Some with the Cruel *Grocodile*,
 Who catch Men in their linked Taile.
 Some with *Grasshoppers* and with *Flees*,
 And some with *Wormes* that hurt Fruit Trees.
 Some with *Locusts*, some with *Adders*,
 Some with filthy *Toads* and *Spidders*,
 Some are abus'd with stinking *Brooks*,
 The *Weasel*, *Fumart*, and the *Fox*.
 Some are hurt with flocks of *Crowes*,
 Devouring Corn and their Lint Bowes.
 Some with *Earns*, some with *Eagles*,
 Which the Young Sheep and Goats sore mangles,
 Some with *Panthers*, some with *Tygers*,
 Some with *Monsters* of strange Figures.
 Some with *Water Rats* and *Mice*,
 And others with the *Cecatrice*,

Which

Which as some sayes, Imites with its looks;
 But *Scotland's* plague's a plague of Dukes:
 But they're such Dukes as loon do tyre,
 To plash together in one Myre,
 And so the One the Other out pakes,
 Which makes Men think they're all but Drakes
 Yet this makes many Men admire,
 For parcing time and all the year.
 Is one to them they never lein,
 Harveſt and Hay time they're as keen,
 In their Debating as it were,
 After the last of *January*.
 I know nought like them but the Frogs;
 Who do haunt Marishes and Bogs.
 It's said by some the Younger Rides
 Above the Older's slimie sides
 Till they loſs breath, or elſe their Number
 Would do the Countrey meikle cumber.
 I'll ſay no more, but prayes for Peace,
 I'll quite my ſkill if ſome do Grace.
 But now upſtart the Cavalier,
 He could no longer ſpeach forbear;
 Their knaggie Talking did up barme him;
 Their ſharp Reflections did much warme him,
 His Blood having a high Ferment,
 By hot Spirituous Nouriment:
 Of which he made no ſmall Voration,
 Nor ſeldom to inebriation /
 For *Venus* ſailes and will decay,
Sine Baccho & Cere.

He bended up his Buzzards Nose;
 Which was far Redder than a Rose;
 He did unfold no little Pride,
 He set his Left Mand on his side:
 Like Foot Souldiers when they stand
 Ordered Arms, waiting Command;
 And then he brought his Right Leg foremost;
 As he had been to make a sore Thrust,
 Flinting and squinting with his Eyes,
 Like those who uses falsities:
 Which sort of Motions he did make,
 In hurry all the time he spake,
 With many a lofty boult and beand;
 He sayes my Friends and Gentlemen;
 At several Meetings I have been,
 And heard you murmur and complain
 Of Narrow Stipends, Manse and Gleibs;
 And Patrons taking Bods and Bribes,
 And making you by secret Passions,
 Partake of sacrilegious Actions;
 Before they suffer you to enter;
 There's the Fanatick and Dissenter;
 There's now your fear of new Whigg Plots;
 Which other times came up your Throats:
 All the Talkings were collected,
 Which from your Thraples ye ejected,
 At former Meetings, I have Ground,
 To say not so much should be found,
 Tender Consciences and Truth,
 At this time hath flown from your Mouth.

G

Good

Good fellows pray what may we judge;
 Of so surprising a Deludge
 Of Conscience: I take it to be
 The Birth of some Conspiracie:
 What do you mean, some Innovation;
 Or some new Clergies Convocation:
 Do you intend to bell the Pus,
 With King, Duke, Parliament, and Us;
 I will not stay to Clash and Quibble
 About your Nignayes, I'll not nibble:
 I'll with a bare word you Redargue,
 Tho till your wind Pipes burst you argue,
 Though ye should cry and shout about me;
 Till all the Guts within should out flee,
 Pray your *Alliedgence* but consider,
 And gather all your Wits together,
 Consider who's the Churches Head,
 And at your Leisure, pray you read
 Your Oath, and Explicating Act,
 And all you say's not worth a plack:
 If you the Matter rightly weigh,
 You'll find it is the King's to see,
 What is Conyenient and Right
 In Church Affairs; The oversight;
 And sole Power of Determination
 Is his, and all's by Derivation
 That we can claime; know what you're doing
 Lest there may be untimorous ruing.
 Be sober for we will you danton,
 You're at the present hote and wanton:

Ah empty Pantrie, and toom Pots,
 Will make you look like half drown'd Roats;
 Look on good Fellows and advise it,
 Warr's sweet to them who never tries it.
 He laid no more but set him down;
 Then some began to bark and rown :
 Some heart began to faint and fail,
 To think that Cabbage, Beef, and Ale,
 Mutton, and Capon should be wanting,
 Such thoughts made some to fall a gaunting;
 Some to what hand to turn was deeming,
 And some did look, like those that's dreaming.
 Some was concluding we must do it,
 There's no help, we will be put to it.
 Some their hair from their beards plucked;
 And some did claw where nothing yooked.
 Some said a secret *Pater Noster*,
 And some were in a Laughing Poster;
 Some began to Jock and Gibe,
 Others were cursing the whole Tribe
 Of these, who made such bellish acts;
 To put Men's Conscience on racks,
 Others prepared to appear,
 And Rancounter the Cavalier.
 Now by the way I must begg leave,
 A brief Character for to give,
 Of this brave Fellow spake so home,
 And to the Point so close did come :

Which in few Words I think I can;
He was a Courtlie Clergie Man:
 Which taken in it's Latitude,
 Doth all that I can say include.
 It's true I dare not be precise,
 To say, he all the Properties
 Has of a Courtier; that's a Taill
 Too long for *John of Eglouderdail:*
 Which if he had, it's like he might;
 Play to the Tikes some Foxes flight,
 By taking it betwixt his feet,
 And with hot water making't wet;
 And when the Tikes were near to hold'im,
 Might with a whisk almost blindfold'um:
 Altho the Cavalier doth want
 Some Properties, yet I must grant;
 Considering this present time,
 He hath some that are Tight and Prime:
 For *Champion Conscience* none will bate him;
 For *Flattery* there's few will mate him
 Of Power Superiour, and forsooth,
 He hath a Tongue that's gay and smooth:
 He hath some art to tincture Vice,
 And to sell Hemlock seed for Spice.
 To set Court Sables on skeigh Nages;
 And help to back unruly Stages.
 To strowe Beans on his Neighbours flairs;
 And trouble other Men's Affairs.
 And to set Prospects to some Eyes,
 Who cannot well discern a prise.

Tho he can swear from side to side,
 And lye, I think he cannot hide.
 He has been several times affronted
 By sic Backspearers, and accounted
 An emptic Rogue, They are not fitt
 For Stealth, that want a good Up.put:
 But now a Priest rose to withstand him,
 Who well knew where his own shoe band him,
 And said, your Lordship I commend,
 You take your Tale by the Right End:
 I must confels, the Matter's here,
 Here is the thing that nicks us near.
 I know there may be something said,
 That when this *Alleadgence* was made,
 We thought the King would not assert
 To him more Power than was his parr.
 And that he all our Grants would bring
 Square to the Nature of the thing.
 Our Loyalty was so profuse,
 Nothing he ask'd we did refuse.
 Crediting Truth and every thing
 To the Benignenels of a King,
 Looking he would not spoil us streight,
 Of that to which we had a Right.
 By Apostolick Institution,
 Who would have thought on such Confusion,
 Of Air and Water, Heavens and Earth,
 Bringing the World to it's first Birth.
 The Ancient *Chaos* wanting figure,
 Who could expect so strange a Rigour:

Yea several Acts of Parliament,
 Might have occasion'd our Consent;
 Framed in favours as you'll see,
 Of Churches Right and Libertie:
 But truly when I do perpend
 The Matter to the nether end,
 I must confels, this fair-like lconce,
 Gives little Shelter, Help, or Sonce:
 Tho I were hasting to the Mooles,
 I'll say some knaves were, some were fools;
 And some were both thus, let it stand,
 That *Scotts-men's* wile behind the hand.
 But when you argue to the outmost,
 In Truth your Arguments are but dust,
 Though Terms to which we have consented
 Makes us sit dumb, and I repent it:
 Your Argumentings all do hang
 On *Hobbs*, and Others of that gang;
 So you rub also much of the Blutter
 Of the *Angelian* stall and gutter,
 On your own Checks as you do sting,
 On these who will not you Note sing.
 And more Sir, they're accounted Babies,
 By solid Men, and Learned Rabbies,
 Whose Sentiments are all supported
 By Reason, may be well retorted.
 For grant Power absolute to Princes,
 Pray from what ground shall your Defences
 Flow nearly out, and solid be,
 Against the Pope's Supremacie.

Let us go to the King, for fight
 Of what's conform to Truth and Right.
 What Actings fair are, what are foul,
 The King's to us the higher Rule
 Than Sacred Write. Whither ye lean you,
 The Pope with your own Armes will stain you.
 If you say there are Contradictions
 In severall Popes, their Noddle Fictions,
 Against us he cuts that same Caper,
 Founded on word of mouth and paper.
 They're falsehoods now that once were Truth,
 By Father CHARLES's dying mouth:
 But I think some will grant each such thing,
 When once it comes to go or touching,
 But Clergie Men may knock at Hell's gate,
 And yet return, this is fell fate.
 For me I do not love such chaps,
 Or in a Pulpit to kiss knops,
 Be pleased, Sir on it to think,
 Ye shall not all of us hood-wink:
 I'll say no more lest I should make
 Things rather worse, and lose my talk.
 Upstart another with a smile,
 And said, my Lord, shall all your while
 Be spent in idle clitter clatter,
 And waving fingers in the water.
 This work at present will not work,
 As long's these Lowns gets leave to lurk,
 In their fat Manles nought prevails,
 They flair on you, and tell old Tales.

To say't my Lord, I will not spare
 The fault is in the Countrey Air,
 That so constringeth our wind pipes,
 Our Weasands, Stomacks, and small Tripes,
 That we can scarce get ought ov'r put,
 That's any greater nor a Nut.
 Yea there are some Men that do feel,
 Great stress in swallowing a Pill.
 Yea some will spue and bock and spit
 At moats like to a Midge's foot.
 We scunner at most part of meat,
 Which we're not used for to eat.
 Hence few of us can eat Swine's flesh,
 Let it be reeked salt or fresh.
 Thir Gentlemen have Weasands narrow,
 That makes them tattle flinch and tarrow:
 A Medicine I will prescribe,
 And paun my Thraple it shall thrive.
 Send them a while to other Nations,
 Whence their Veins may have Dilatations:
 When they return, they'll you request
 To have the favour of the Test,
 They are not few Experiments,
 To prove the Point, but one presents
 It self at present, which I'll relate,
 And put the matter beyond debate.
 A Man of narrow Conscience,
 A while agoe went ov'r to France,
 It's well known what was the Occasion,
 He could not take the Declaration,
 When he return'd he got it ov'r

With.

Without a Host, a Bock, or Glour.
 And when this *Test* came first a thorr,
 Any that saw this strange Deport,
 Perceiv'd his Maw to Hink and Jarr,
 He went Abroad, but not so farr.

[a] As soon as *London* Air he got,
 It slipt like Oysters ov'r his Throat;
 He said no more but down did get,
 And Keckled at his own Conceit.
 With this rose up a good old Cannie,
 A pluffie cheek'd red Bearded Mannie.
 Who all this time had taken ease,
 And fostred Lavrocks, Doves, 'and Bees,
 To keep him Companie at home,
 For seldom he abroad did come.
 He stroakes his Beard, and rubs his Chin,
 And clawes his Luggs, then did begin;
 It is a good old tongsie saying,
 That little Wit makes meikle straying;
 If we had made our Judgements lurk,
 Till once we'd seen how things would work,
 We should have met with little more
 Of foul Reproaches than before;
 But we forsooth must fyke and fling,
 And make our Pulpits sound and ring
 With bulkie words, against the *Test*,
 And now we see the day I guesst.
 It was great haste, but where your Speed,
 Your buying Wit, that's dear indeed.

[a] *If this last part want veritie, I'm wrong in-
 formed, pardon me.*

We

We might have mist a beastly blunner,
 Had we not spewed out our skunner,
 Against this Test, in every where,
 As Antichristian hellish ware.
 If now our fame be prostitute,
 We worse than Devils will be repute.
 I count their wits not worth a Hare's dung,
 That have not learn'd to keep a fair tongue.
 I must confess, the Contradict
 Gave my old frozen heart a nict,
 That did its motion so extend,
 That its pyramide neither end
 First bang'd my breast, and then my back,
 I'm sure it bade not such a rack,
 These twice ten Years, if it was not,
 When I thought Whiggs should cut our Throat.
 Altho they did not use such deeds,
 You know the guilty still mildreads.
 But e're ye cast me out from yonder,
 Fat Manle and Gleib, I'll further ponder
 The Test. When Men can get no Right,
 They're forc'd to use some bits of flight:
 Let's chew it over like a figg,
 And in their pocket break an egg:
 Like to Turn-coats who in short,
 Can swallow all that comes a thort:
 But this he uttered, not for fear,
 But laugh'd it in his Gossips Ear,
 Who being one of that same gang,
 Sayes better goss than scall and hang.

If we with Manle and Gleib be twin'd,
 I swear I know no Trade behind:
 A stipend is not on each bank,
 It's good to keep in hand an hank.
 Up rose a Priest to tell his Tale,
 Whom some thought dizzie with strong Ale;
 Some thought he had his braines oppress'd,
 By striving to connect the Test.
 Some thought that he was at a loss,
 By too much striving it to cross.
 Some thought he look'd like those that spent
 Betwixt a Conscience and Church Rent.
 Some did alledge it was the Moon,
 That did his Vitals so mistune.
 Some who perceiv'd his pulse to quive,
 Alledg'd that he was in a Fever.
 The *Torrie* Clergie Men profess,
 It was the Nature of the Beast.
 Whatever it was, it doth appear,
 His Intellectuals were not clear.
 He mov'd his shoulders, head did sling,
 From Van to Rear, from wing to wing:
 Some were alledging, that had good skill,
 He could not speak if he had stood still.
 Like some School Boy, their Lessons saying,
 Who rocks like fiddlers a playing.
 Like *Gilbert Burnet* when he Preaches,
 Or like some Lawyers making Speeches,
 He making Hands, and Gown, and Scives wavel,
 Half singing vents this Reavel Ravel.

I have

I have been hearing many things;
 Of Kings, of Clerkie, and Designs;
 My memory is very skant,
 Some Words I have, some words I want.)
 Of Popes Supremacie and Whiggs,
 Of cutting Capers and Intrigues,
 (Sirs, my Reflecting is but bad,
 I'm sure I'll paire, it's like I'll add)
 Of Covenants, and Ancient Creeds,
 Monks, and of *Preter Scriptural Deeds*,
 Of *Test*, and those that do it foster,
 And of a secret *Pater Noster*.
 The *Test* was form'd, in my Opinion;
 To make Division, and yet Union;
 To make a clear Distinction;
 Of these have Truth, and these have none:
 It's like the strange Connex did come,
 Not without Ignorance in some;
 Though sight and policie did faill,
 Yet force is like to drive the Nail.
 Prejudicat and greedy Judges,
 Make Men seek desperat Refuges.
 (Sometime the Hare hath Ground to flee,
 Left her Luggs, Horns should counted be.)
 Or Jawes must be of full Extent,
 For the jet black Council of *Trent*.
 Who speaks of Helps and Explications,
 Rears up but slymic Machinations.
 If Memorie do not miscarry,
 Before the first of *January*;

We must subscribe, and *Mareb* comes in
 Before the Parliament begin;
 Hence I inferr, though I'm no Plotter,
 No Help nor Gloss can weigh a Snorter.
 I trow we would be in a strait,
 To know what Heads should be delate.
 Tho we should now the thing consider,
 And close the Point without a twiddet:
 Some see Objector might arise,
 And make us take a new Advise.
 Some's for the Top, some's for the Taile,
 And others would reform the Haile,
 Some are for bitts off't here and there,
 And some cryes ov'r with't hove and haire.
 Some's for it as it doth consist,
 And so's for any end they list:
 But keep in this, and put out that;
 And so we swear we wot not what:
 But will you stowe me frae the Rump,
 Deferr the taking of the Lump,
 Untill the Parliament explain it;
 And then it's like I will be sain off't.
 Tho our great Court when it doth gather,
 Should cut away the foul raire Leather,
 That doth impede Interpretation,
 Men and confirm this Explication,
 (For as it stands it hath no Mence,
 It being contraire common Sense.)
 Yet let the present swearing Trustees,
 Know they give Conscience *Comper Justice.*

And

And by subscribing it in gross
 Renounces every solid gloss :
 And this I offer to maintain
 'Gainst all the Clerks in *Aberdeen*.
 Who with such trash would be content,
 Makes King and Counsel Parliament ;
 And if my Judgement be not scant,
 Some Lybel will be relevant,
 And all the Process firm and fast,
 To give the Counsel *Jedburgh east*.
 Its no discretive Explication,
 That's fram'd to warrand a whole Nation.
 Whoever gets this Test down swallow'd,
 May let the *Leviathan* follow't.
 Tyrants the *Aleoran* may improve,
 Far better for their own behove.
 Than Popery look on *Cham* or *Turk*,
 Yet *France* makes Popery strangely work.
 But I would have you understand,
 Each Tyrant is not *Lewis le Grand*.
 I do not doubt a person dreads,
 When the maintainer of old leads,
 Have vote and do sit on their size,
 All whom the Lawyers do advise,
 Gets not off Scarr free, but are fain
 To take some other shift or train.
 Some Highland *Ralphs*, and Muirland *Jannets*,
 Sayes there are showers falls out in Planets,
 Some showers with dew the mountains fills,
 And causes Roses grow on Hills.

And

And Strawberries on Banks of Sands;
 Some may make *Argillaceous* Lands.
 Bring forth good store of hearty grain;
 And make the Countrey laugh again.
 Such things have been, and may be yet;
 Fools and proud men had need of wit,
 And Curats had need to preach well,
 For there are very few that feel
 Instruction and Edification,
 By our Lives and Conversation:
 Let's swear impossibilities,
 And then our Truths will be thought Lies.
 The cursed *Jeroboams* Priests
 Performed their Worship before beasts:
 But we some Priest must with our mouth
 Evert the very ground of Truth.
 Pack Holy Write and Sacred Criticks
Gum Theologico Politicks.
 And Cooks had need of cleanly fingers;
 And Dukes of lustie strong purse fingers,
 And dull brain'd head peices that swears
 They'l not import prohibit wares.
 Had need of other Trades to stick to,
 Their's are possess *pro de relicto.*
 Though some be old and dull of learning,
 They may attain the trade of swearing;
 So much in fashion at this season,
 Insham plots and putative Treason.
 And Whiggs had need to learn to think,
 They sleep not all that seem to wink.

It's folly with Kail Wives to flyte,
 Some Dogs bark best after they bite.
 Some snatch the Heels and Taile about,
 And so get all their Harns dung out
 A well train'd Royster fast will close,
 His Jawes upon a mad Bull's Nose,
 Some Cowlies murders more with words,
 Than Trowpers do with Guns and Swords.
 The sore brunt Client makes Complaint,
 Of those Pick-pockets with consent,
 Calling 'um more exhausting Thieves,
 Than High-way men that steals and reaves.
 Lawyers, Advocats, and Clerks,
 May give their Thoughts, and their Remarks,
 On Laws, who ever to this hour
 Gave them a Legislative Power.
 Enough of this, therefore I'll had,
 Lest all the *Polland* Dogs go mad,
 Before their wonted time of Year,
 When such poor Cowish Stuff they hear.
 Juries should know how Matters stands,
 Lest they with *Pilate* wash their hands.
Pomantick fellows should not be
 Advanc'd to too much Dignitie.
 Some places *Celia* in a shrine,
 And she for that makes them be seen
 With browes adorn'd with long dilemmas,
 Which some repute no pleasant gemmas.
 It's like some think another thing,
 If they be gifted by a King.

By horned Logicks I conclude
 And very Pithily make good
 That those who for the Test give votes
 Are very Ignorants and Sots.
 Either they this confession knew
 Or not. And if the first be true
 They're men of round spun noddle fictions
 Who understood not contradictions:
 But if the second must hold fast
 I will affirm they're skant of wit
 Who in a Supream Court like that
 Will lumph and vote they wot not what
 These Hornes pricks pithily the sides
 Of Ghostly Fathers our Church guides
 But like these Saints are in a motion
 Unto the mother of Devotion.
 Without demurring I will say it
 They are for order peace and quiet
 Who soberly would be content
 With a set Form in Parliament,
The matters clear, no more debate
A vote for all, a speech in State.
 There are some persons I suppose
 Would swim with all but sink with none
 Who darres so trust such snakeing slaves
 Are greater fools then they are knaves
 Some may be courted for a while
 Whom yet the Gallows may beguile,
 Corrupters have ground to suspect
 Corrupted persons and their neck

Is very fair to bide a stresse
 When they have done their business.
 They'll bury us when we are dead,
 Without a stipend at our head.
 My talking wants top, main and tail,
 And my Concep'ts seem to fail.
 These have scarce Time and little Reason;
 Would see they do not prattle Treason.
 He set him down, the Sophee rose
 With face so fire, that his Nole
 Might have endangered Corn stacks:
 And fired Powder, Lint or Flax.
 And cryes, Good Fellows ye may ken, that
Quor Jupiter perdis dementat.
 He let him down. And so I end,
 Whom I have wrong'd let others mend:
 If any ask for the Conclusion,
 Let them conclude it was Confusion.

Altho there wants not Inquisition,
 If other Kirkmen did petition;
 Whether they be exempt by paction,
 By secret emption or transaction,
 Or if there's powder at its root,
 I choole at present to be mute.
 If Circumstances call to clear it,
 Its like hereafter you may hear it.

Follows

Follows the Tenour of the Oath of the

T E S T

To be taken by all Persons in Publick
T R U S T.

I A. B. Solemnly Swear in Presence of the Eternal GOD, Whom I invocat as Judge and Witness of my sincere Intention of this my Oath; That I own, and sincerely profess the true *Protestant Religion*, contained in the *Confession of Faith*, recorded in the first Parliament of King *James* the sixth; And that I believe the same to be founded on, and agreeable to the Written Word of GOD. And I promise & swear that I shall adhere thereto, during all the dayes of my Lifetime, and shall endeavour to Educate my Children therein, And shall never consent to any Change or Alteration contrarie thereto: And that I disown, and renounce all such Principles, Doctrines, or Practices, whether Popish or Phanatical, which are contrarie unto, and inconsistent with the said *Protestant Religion*, and *Confession of Faith*. And for Testification of my Obedience to my most Gracious Sovereign CHARLES the

H 2

Second,

Second, I do affirm, and Swear, by this solemn Oath, That the King's Majesty is the Only Supream Governour of this Realm, over all Persons, and in all Causes, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil; And that no Forraign Prince, Person, Pope, Prelate, State, or Potentat, hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superioritie, Preheminencie or Authoritie, Ecclesiastical or Civil within this Realm. And therefore I do utterlie renounce, and foretake all Forraign Jurisdiccions, Powers, Superiorities and Authoiries. And do promise, that from henceforth, I shal bear Faith and True Allegiance to the King's Majesty, His Heirs, and lawful Successors, And to my power shall Assist and Defend, all Rights, Jurisdiccions, Prerogatives, Priviledges, Preheminencies, and Authorities belonging to the King's Majesty, His Heirs, and Lawful Successors. And I farther affirm and swear by this my solemn Oath, That I judge it unlawful for Subjects upon pretence of Reformation, or any other pretence whatsoever, To enter into Covenants or Leagues, or to Convocat, Conveen, or Assemble in any Councils, Conventions,

or Assemblies, to Treat, Consult, or Determine in any matter of State, Civil or Ecclesiastick, without His Majesties special Command, or expresse Licence had thereto, or to take up Arms against the King, or those commissioned by Him: And that I shall never so rise in Armes, or enter into such Covenants, or Assemblies: And that there lyes no obligation on me from the *National Covenant*, or the *Solemn League and Covenant* (so commonly called) (or any other manner of way whatsoever, to endeavour any change or alteration in the Government, either in Church or State, as it is now established by the Laws of this Kingdom: And I promise and swear, that I shall with my utmost power, defend, assist, and maintain His Majesties Jurisdiction foresaid against all deadly: and I shall never decline His Majestie's Power and Jurisdiction, *As I shall Answer to GOD.* And finally, I affirm, and swear, that this my solemn Oath, is given in the plain genuine Sense and meaning of the words, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or any manner of evasion whatsoever: And that I shall not accept, or use any dispensation from any Creature whatsoever. *So help me GOD.*

VERSES made upon the Death of that
famous Gospel Minister,
Mr. ROBERT M'KWAIKD.
Who died in *Holland*, after 18 years Ban-
ishment from *Scotland*, his Native
Countrey.

WAS it for nought that blustering sparkling Rayes
Of strange stupendious Comers, did the eyes
Of Earths Inhabitants, so long detain,
In dayes but lately past? who can refrain,
(Considering our stroak so great, so sad
Heightn'd with Circumstances dark and bad,)
From saying, sure these Portants did presage,
Some future Tragidie, to this poor Age,
Which now's begun, so shrewdly for to think,
On what may follow, may make Spirits shrink,
Indrouse grief, and sorrow since he's gone,
Who with a Spirit, Seraphick, his allone
Resisted Truths Opposers, who did stand,
Throwing their Darts at him at every hand;
Yet not allone, for the great Sovereign,
The King of Kings, whose Glorious splendent Train,
Did fill the Temple, was his strength and stay,
In whom he Liv'd; in whom he clos'd his day,
With whom he now Triumphs, with whom he sings,
The Lambs and *Moses* song, he drinks the Springs
Of Joy and Consolation in a kind,
Not heard nor seen, nor enter'd in the minde
Of Mortals to conceive, while now above,
In full Fruition, of that Matchless Love:
Tho he Triumphs, yet we may mourn and Weep,
Since in such Cloudie dayes is fallen asleep,
So great a Seer, such a shining light,
Whereby our day is almost turn'd to night;

That for Truth a Champion both by Tongue and Pen,
 Regardless of the wrath and rage of Men.
 What Pen can write, or what Tongue can express,
 His Choicest parts, his worth, his usefulness?
 Some praise the Liberal Soul, and some do prize
 The mind that's stedfast, others magnifies
 The Tongue that's eloquent, others admire,
 A breast not subject to, nor toucht with fear,
 Some praise the learn'd, some think the prudent best,
 Above the Common fate and destiny,
 Of other mortals, some takes the devote,
 For persons Blessed in their hardest Lot,
 For Poetry some have a Veneration,
 With some the Sedulous in their Vocation
 Are in esteem, how to be praised is he,
 In whom these Vertues in a high degree
 Did burn and Blaze? Let all who do esteem
 These Choicest Vertues, of a Heavenly strain,
 Come joyn and impure with me, O let them come,
 And help me to express, or sitting dumb,
 In Melancholious muteness, and in Tears,
 Regraire our present loss, and ground of fears;
 He did Survive the rest of these great lights,
 Discharged their native Lands by cursed Wights,
 Which makes our stroke, more misty, sad and dim,
 For while he liv'd, they seem'd to live in him,
 As if the rest, who did before ascend,
 In loves thrice burning Chariot to attend,
 Their high and lofty One, their Mantles dropt,
 And he the same receiv'd, wherewith he stoppt
 Defections current, he himself on dry,
 And solid ground went to Eternity,
 Yet ere he went prepar'd to leave behind,
 Such Fragrant Writings from his candid mind,
 Such strength, and Bulwarks for the Truth that he,
 Thereby remains to teach posterity,
 His famous works, serves to transfix his Fame,
 From Age to Age, and Eternize his Name,

Some

Some few Lines composed by him for
 Divertisement, from Melancholick
 Thoughts, when traveling abroad.
 To the Tune of, *Fancy free.*

O'Re Hills, o're Mountains, forgie
 o're Heaths, o're Desarts dry, (woods
 O're dusky Marishes and Floods,
 where Tritons Company
 So wantonly skipt here and there,
 within thele waterie Vawes,
 Undanton'd by that carcking care
 which Human Wights inflaves.

(2)

O're stony hights, o're champine ground
 where Ceres bows her head,
 O're ragged Rocks where Ecchoes sound
 and bearded people feed,
 O're walled Cities, frightsome forts,
 o're waterie sinking lands,
 Retrenched Villages and Boges
 where Neptouns Castle stands,

(3)

Through wounding woods of glistering spears,
 prepared for Humane Death,
 Through sudden Showers of leaden Spears,
 that quickly cut the breath,
 Through armed troups, where horles prance,
 as if they would incite, Their

(121)

Their roaring Riders to advance
their Counter part to meet.

(4)

Where Trumpets sound and Drums do beat,
as in a solemn way,

They were ordain'd of Sovereign fate,
a Triumph to convey;

Great Souls of Heroes as they flie
at wounds of Breast and Brain

And then bask forth their *Elogie*
in mournfull groaning strain.

(5)

5 Through Razing rage of cursed Kings
whom vicious Souls admire;

Through unjust sentences which springs
from avarice or fear,

Or some such like internall caule
hence guiltless people quake,

Before his face, whose sword, whose Laws,
should their opposers shake,

(6)

6 Through fire Feavers wasting Wounds
through Melancholious want;

Through sad disastures which abound
to such as long and past;

Even for true vertue, which sure
the weakly spirit faints,

Who forced troubles to Endure
must die in discontent.

Through

Through Calumnies through frauds and slights
 that moveth mortals mind;
 Through slanderous tongues of brutish wights
 to perillous inclin'd:
 They must adventure who intends
 in Vertues camp to warr,
 Abhorring mean penurious ends
 that brave exploits do marr.

If when travell'd by all such fates
 honour and vertue be,
 Both proof against Enchanting bates
 and frowning destiny
 A Soul may have a sure solace
 when storm'd on every side,
 And look proud Tyrants in the face
 with scorn to be dismay'd.

Contentment with a present case
 to praise I'll not forbear,
 Sure it deserves the highest place
 amongst these vertues rare,
 By Heathen people so much sought
 but never yet obtain'd,
 Its Heaven's great gift, not to be bought
 nor by Industrie gain'd.

Some

Some Lines made by him upon the Observation of the Vanity of Worldly Honours, after he had been at several Princes Courts To the Tune of
Come let us walk and view the Spring.

How mean a thing is it to stay,
On praising Emperours of Clay;
While He who being Life and Breath
To every Mortall granted hath,
Doth us invite to Praise and Sing
The Trophies of his Glorious Reign.

Hosts of strong Angels to express
His pow'r and perfect Blessedness,
Their spacious thoughts extended have,
Since Times first morning, yet perceive
Their notes so low, they shade with Wings,
Their blushing Countenance and Sing.

Heaven, Earth, and all that in them is,
Echoes their notes, and addeth this,
We'r but thin shadows of that light,
That Wisdom, Goodness, Truth and Might,
Which from noughts Bowells us Extracted,
By which we're ordered and acted.

The whole Creation doth accord,
To Adam's Sons, they will afford,
Constraining matters to concert,
With

With them for acting of a part
That so conjoyned, with those above;
They may advance in light and Love.

The splended Sun by subtile Rayes,
Preacheth his Glory to our eyes,
The Seas, and Thunder do declare,
His Might and terrour to the ear,
His Milk, and Hony, Corn, and Wine,
Taste of a Goodness that's Divine.

In Heats we feel, his Cooling Gales,
His Florid fields of Bounty smells,
He sends his Ministering Spirits,
Who Man protects, instructs, incites,
In their blessed Choe, to take a place,
And sing albeit, a Feeble bass.

In Heavenly state from Sinai Hill,
He published his Sacred will,
His Fiery Throne surrounded with Thunder,
And smokie Oceans, caused such wonder,
And fright, that those convened to hear it,
Had Souls too limited to bear it.

His shadow on meek Moses Face,
Did more than dazle Jacob's Race.
Which Vail'd, he did them declare,
GOD's will in sounds, which they might bear,
And did in Aarons hands Consign,
Books of the manner of his Reign.

Omnipotence

Omnipotence, could not speak low
 Enough, to make blind Mortals know;
 Much of himself; even *Moses* eye,
 Though strong, his Glory would not see;
 His Trembling ear heard him proclaim,
 The high Abridgement of his Name.

By all we're forced to conclude;
 He's Wisdom, Strength, He's Just and Good,
 But when we fixedly Consider,
 How to bring Heaven and Earth together,
 Wrapt in a Vail of *Abram's* seed,
 GOD came himself, and Crushed their seed.

The first advances disappear,
 Angels blest'd spirits, and Saints draw near,
 In through that Vail, the place to enter,
 Where Holyness and Glory Center,
 Where Seraphims themselves see more,
 Of his blessed nature them before,

But here its fit, I hide my Face,
 I stop my mouth, and pant for Grace,
 With Adoration to admire,
 Untill he wholly me retire,
 Where Elect Souls, and Angels strong,
 Conlours the *Lambs* and *Moses* long.

An *Answer* to a Letter, from a Souldier
Comerad, while in the Camp.

I have Received thy *Line*, thy Heart
With a thrice sad adiew;
Which to my Marble Breast did impart;
That makes me to avow:
Tho hard it be in Friendship true
And still Resolves to be,
That hates to lose but still Renew
Especially with thee.

Thy Heart of Gold I do append,
To this my Marble Breast,
There to Remain, till Death shall send
It's Breathing to arrest;
Then I'm content that she or he,
That shall the same unloose,
In this succeed to me and thee,
In Heart and Breasts dispose.

But since these Fates thou'rt mind to try;
In Sympathy with thee;
These severall risks, I'm mind to run;
But sure our Company
Would help full sweet and gratefull be;
These leaden showers before,
But let's not blame our Destiny,
But rather hope the more,

Our meeting, I do not Despair;
 But till it chance to come,
 No other Musick I will care,
 But shot and ruck of Drum.
 My feeble Meeter up I'll sum;
 No muse I'll more implore,
 But rather wish they may sing dumb;
 And hear the Cannon Roar,

No Venus smile, nor twinkling eyes,
 No specious Graceful port,
 Which weakly mortals oft surprize;
 Shall Lines from me extort.
 I'll me demane in such a sort,
 That nought but Languid Prose;
 My Souls intentions shall Report;
 Thrice thrice adieu I close!

The Popish Party, after the defeat of Monmouth and Argyle: published an Insulting Ballad, To the Tune of, Hey Boyes up go we, which coming to the hands of Leintenant Col: Cleland, he made the second part, to the same Tune and Strain, holding forth the Language of their wayes. Anno 1685.

NOW down with the Confounded Whiggs
 let Loyaltie take place:
 Let Hell possess their Damn'd intrigues,
 and all that cursed Race; Let

Let Oaths abound, and Cups go round,
 and Whoores and Rogues go fret,
 And Heaven it sell floop to the Crown.
For Hey Boies up go we.

Come, let us Drink a Health about,
 unto our Holy Father,
 His sacred Maxims without Doubt,
 we will Embrace the rather
 Because they are fram'd with Wit and Sense
 and favours *Monarchy*,
 And can with all our Sins Dispense
So Hey Boyes up go we.

There we shall Ramble at our ease,
 and still enjoy the best,
 And all our wild affections please
 in a Religious Vest;
 And yet keep Heaven at our Dispose,
 if such a thing there be;
 And Drag the people by the Nose,
So Hey Boyes up go we.

Our *Monastries*, they will provide,
 and store above all Measure,
 And spacious *Nunneries* beside,
 where we may rake our pleasure.
 The *Englisk* Ladies when they find
 restraint in Liberty,
 Will prove to us Excessive kind
So Hey Boies up go we.

There's

There's some who do for Vertue plead;
and Glory, do miscarry,
Assert we serve a Parricide
or an Incendiarie;
But we will murder, Sham and Trick;
of such to make us free,
We'll burn alive, and Quarter Quick,
so Hey Boyes up go we.

The Parliament, these poor sham Sots,
we'l make them well content,
To give supplies to cut their Throats,
and when they do consent,
We'll kick these Villans on the breach,
no more of them will we,
But Britain, better manners teach
for Hey Boyes up go we.

But if they Chance to Temporize,
and foster fond Suspitions,
And tell King James of their Franchises,
their Charter and Conditions,
He'll piss upon them and their Laws,
they're blind that cannot see
The longest Sword decides the Cause,
thus Hey Boies up go we.

The sins of the long Parliament,
he'll visite them upon,
Their other Crimes and Heinous faults,
which since are come and gone,

Of Westminster and Oxford too
 the Damned Memorie;
 He hath an *Irish* Job to do;
So Hey Boies up go we.

And that he may *Facilitat*,
 his work he'll work a while;
 By *Tolerat*ion, Lull asleep,
 the Rogues, and them beguile;
 Some subtle potions he'll compose,
 of *Grace* and *Clemencie*,
 To blunt all those, who him oppose;
So Hey Boyes up go we.

*Some few Lines made upon the sight of Printed
 Papers of Mr. William Houstouns.*

To die obscure must be a dismal Fate,
 Since Mortals purchase Fame at such a rate;
 As burning Cities, razing Regal seats,
 Destroying Temples; overturning States;
 But meaner spirits whom Destiny contracts,
 Not to aspire unto such Glorious Acts;
 Yet Phaetons in conceit, will be content
 Ere Fame be wanting, to be Fools in Print.

F I N I S.

Follows

*Follows some Verses made by diverse Hands
upon Lieutenant Col: William Cleland,
after his Death.*

AN ELEGIE upon the Death of the much
Honoured, Lieutenant Colonel
WILLIAM CLELAND.

IS Cleland gone? And is there any Breath,
Will not bemoan this gallant Hero's death?
Yea Cleland's gone; who after him can be
A Cleland, to compose his Elegie?
His Pen, wherewith he did immortalize
The death of others, for a hand now cries
To be employed, to publicat his Fame,
In his own Style, who can exhaust this Theme?
Some praise the Liberal Soul, and some do prize
The Mind that's steadfast, others magnifies
The Tongue that's eloquent, others admire
A Breast, not subject to, nor toucht with fear.
Some praise the Learned, some think the Prudent best
Above the common Fate and Destinie
Of other Mortals; some think the Devote
Are persons blessed in their hardest Lot,
Or Retic some have a Veneration,
With some, the Sedulous in their Vocation
Are in esteem: How to be praised is best,

In whom these Vertues in a high degree;
 Did burn and blaze in a most lusty strain;
 Who from his Praises can himself refrain.

Come Poets all, supply my lack of skill;
 To write his praises bring each one his Quill;
 From wings of Pegasus, and do not spare;
 To celebrate in Verse, his Vertues rare,
 Mourn ye Inhabitants of Helicon,
 Your Captain now lyes dead at Calendon.

Come Philosophick wits, imploy your Arts;
 To find out what perfections and parts
 The Learned do accomplish, which he wanted
 And what they have, which to him was not granted
 Mourn all ye Learned, and his death bemoan,
 Who was the Muses eldest, dearest Son.

Come all ye Lovers of the Mathematicks,
 Students of politicks, and Laws or practicks;
 Ye that the Divine Mytteries of Truth
 Profess to search, admire this excellent Youth
 Deplore his death, whose great Soul did aspire
 To all the highest secrets you admire.

Come all Religious Lovers, who for duty;
 And for your Zeal, for Reformations beauty
 Were persecute, by treacherous Tyrants hands
 Chas'd in your own, banish't to other lands;
 Bedew his heere with tears, who ne'r comply'd
 With Tyrants Inares, nor yelc'd to their pride

But ever did undauntedly oppose
 True Liberties, and true Religions foes,
 And ever scorped danger, or dismay
 With any glorious project to concur,
 The Church in its due order to retrieve,
 His Countrey from all slavery to relieve,
 His Princes Interest for to advance,
 'Gainst all attempts of Ireland or of France:
 In these no danger were his dread, but pleasure;
 Wherein he spilt his blood, & spent his treasure.

Come therefore all ye *Souldiers*, sons of Valour;
 Over his funeral express your dolour.
 Who for undaunted Magnanimity (first three
 'Mong th' Ages Worthies may plac'd be in the
 'Mong *Hero's* all, of whom this age can glory,
 No worthie, more may be renown'd in story:
 You chiefly are oblig'd of all the Region,
 Poor little remnant of his proper Legion:
 To turn your Triumphs into bitter mourning;
 And with your *brinish* tears to quench the burning
 Of ruinous *Dunkel*, in whole black smoak,
 His Soul did soar up to its Eternal Rock.
 Curs'd *Caledon*, *Gilboa* of the Highland,
 Where *Canaanites*, did kill our bravest *Gleland*;
 Be thou for ever barren, and unbuilt,
 Like *Jericho*, in punishment and guilt;
 Be thou henceforth famous for naught, but from
 Lieutenant Colonel *Gleland's* Marble Tomb.

Or.

(134)
In MEMORY
of Lieutenant Colonel
WILLIAM CLELAND,

I'm doubtful whom first to invite, to share
In what my Griets and heavy Sorrows are.
Mars or the *Muses*; both receiv'd a Wound
That dismal day, Great *Cleland* fell to Ground;
Who e're love Learning, must his fall deplore
For in his Brain was comprehended more
Philosophy, Divinity and Law,
Than of his Years, this Age in one Man saw,
I justly may then call the poring Tribe,
That in the Courts of Great *Appollo* bide,
To joyn with me, and to Lament in Verse
And pour a shower of Tears upon his *Hearse*
Oh! fruitless Tears, for they cannot return
This Worthy *Hero* from his Mournfull *Urne*;
Mournful to us, to him a sweet Repose;
For's Mortal part: While as his Soul with those
Who are Redeem'd, sweet *Hallelujahs* Sings,
And'mongst those crown'd heads triumphs & reigns
In the next place, my sad and grieved Heart
Calls greatest Sword-Men here to take a part:
And tho' ye're more acquaint with Blood than
Yet when this sad distressing Sight appears, (tears
Brave *Cleland's* Corps laid in a darksome Grave
Dry Eyes, ty'd Tongues, or whole Hearts can you have
He's gone, who Valour could the Valiant teach
He's gone, who's Conduct was of no mean reach

But

(But if he fell by Craft, or Treachery;
 When he's turn'd *Dust*, his precious *Blood* shall cry)
 He's gone, prefer'd his Honour to his Breath;
 He's gone priz'd Life, yet never feared Death.
 He's gone, whose Art in using *Tempered Steel*,
 Has made his Foes seek safety from their Heel.

No Mortals Name I will bid you Adore,
 But such a loss, ye surely should deplore
 And grieve he's gone: It is but now and then,
 This barren Earth, produceth such rare Men.
 Great *Cleland*, when thy soul from earth took flight
 Thou prov'd it true, saints can both pray & fight
 And gave the lye to their reproachful Words,
 Say Praying men, can make no use of Swords.
 And as thy Life to Enemies was Pain,
 As *Sampsons* death, so thine may prove their Bane
 From many eyes, thy fall a salt shower drew:
 But God still lives. Blest Soul we bide Adieu.

EPITAPH.

Grace, Learning, Valour centered in one
Adorn'd that dust, lyes here below this stone:
Because on Earth, his Equals were but few,
His Soul took wing, & early Heavenward flew
That he might shun earths folly stains, & care,
And with His Mates, sing Hallelujahs there.

Elegie



E L E G I E

Upon the Death of Lieutenant Colonel
WILLIAM CLELAND.
Who died at Dunkel, 21 of August, 1689.

Composed by the Laird of Airdrie.

WHAT Cleland dead! would he had never been,
 Or burid in some Cloister, past unseen,
 Then we'd liv'd ignorants, ne're come to know
 To what a pitch in vertue man might grow
 It had been an easie Faith, that death had been
 Our due, and but the just reward of sin:
 But now my doubting Fancy doth surmize;
 Death might have made attempt on Paradise,
 In spite of Innocence, and can't forbear,
 Even with Religion, thus to interseir.
 I'm grown (great Cleland) cross to thy design,
 I'm grown half Atheist, through this fall of thine
 Inclind almost with passion to dispence,
 To curle hard Fate, and quarel Providence.
 Was't but t' amaze the World, kind Heaven, he
 And past like lightning, vanish like a flame (came
 Was it for only this, thou sent him here,
 To make all other wonders disappear?

Or was't to make poor sillie mortalls know,
 What worth thou couldst on mortal flesh bestow?
 Or but to make th'ungrateful earth repine,
 That Heaven envy'd it any thing Divine?

What ever brought him here, or took him hence
 It was no mean, or common influence,
 Of Heavens best mettall, that inform'd his soul,
 And made all vertue, but a blurr'd scrol
 Of his great mind: So that a doubt it is
 If he were Vertues soul, or she were his.
 I cannot solve the doubt; but this I find,
 He being gone, she could not stay behind.
 For if she was his soul, he being gone,
 She hath no Organ, now to work upon.
 If he were hers, he being leav'd above,
 She's but a carcase dead, and cannot move.
 He's gone, no mortal pensil e're shall limn
 A lively draught, or of his worth, or him.
 Wit finds it self for that great Task unfit:
 For Cleland was an Universe of Wit.
 Dumb Rhetorick hath lost her Tongue & sense,
 Is quite benumb'd, for he was Eloquence,
 And Sense in the pure abstract. Reason she
 By weeping her sad loss, hath lost her Eye:
 Retaining only store of tears, to keep
 A Consort with the mourning World, & weep.
 The Muses sory wights, have quit their mountain.
 And drown'd their harps in their forsaken fountain.
 They were his Converts, he had made them follow
 His Heav'nly lays, & quic the devil Apollo.

Had

Had given them *Zion* for *Parnassus* Hill;
 Taught them in *David's* streams to dip their quill;
 Learning hath lost her Son and hopeful Heir,
 And damps the Chrystal keys, with sighs & care;
 Her hopes with him, are now for ever gone,
 To trace the *Labyrinths*, of her secret stone.
 Even *Mars* himself, through loss of him is laid;
 I have broke his sword, & curst his fighting
 But those are losses of a second rate, (wretched
 Poor Trifles scarcely worth a grave regret:
 There comes a *Ladie*, in a mourning guise;
 Whole bloody gaping wounds, & weeping eyes
 Crave all our tears, and all our sighs as due,
 To her, and wills us even forget him too:
Religion! Heaven befriend thee, thou hast lost
 Scarce thy remaining stock, will clear thy cost
 Long hast thou been a stranger, to these Lands
 Banish'd and torn by sacriligious hands;
 And but in hope once more to raise thine head
 When by a fatal blow, thy patron's dead.
 He was thy son, but such a hopefull Child;
 As gave the Mother, (fatally beguil'd)
 Just hopes of conquest, O're the powers of Hell
 And all that durst, against her Laws rebell.
 Thy first Grand Enemy, the Dragons Beast;
 Was by his matchless Courage, cou'd, and chast
 The Whore, its rider, found it plain, that she,
 Had ne're Encounterd such an Enemy:
 And that beneath the Sun, was not one Name
 Was justly more *Romes* terrour, and her shame.
 Could foil with Reason, and the force of words
 Her Reason; and her Treason, with sharp Swords

This Justifies the Figure, where I laid;
 That he was verrues Soul, and she now dead.
 Mark but how that black *vermin* poisonous gall,
 Alongst this *Worlds*, consuming *Corps* doth crawl;
 Me thinks I see, how *Romes* mass *smumbling* Moles;
 Likefrighted *Rats*, peep from their Dens & hols;
 Fearfull, least Fame perhaps may have belyed,
 Their credulous hops, in telling *Cleland's* dead;
 Or least he may, altho he now be gone,
 Anticipat the Resurrection: (affoord

And make them once more doubt, which doth
 Most fright, his Reasons conquest, or his sword.

But now expect no Legends of his praile,
 For all these Triffles, Lawralls, Mirtles, Bays;
 Were Herogliphicks Dark, and figures dimn,
 Were honour'd by, but could not honour him:
 His was a greater Crown, envy will grant,
 He Reconcil'd the Souldier and the Saint.

For Monument, his Memorie can not need;
 He build before hand his own *Piramid*,
 On solid Vertue, whence he did aspyre,
Elijah like, to Heaven, in Flames of Fire,
 And sith no hand could write an *Elegie*,
 Or speak of him as he delerv'd, but he,
 With his own hand, he made his honour good,
 And wrote his Obsequies, in Rebells Blood.
 Tears, Tears of *Blood* not these faint streams that
 A Wheining Sacrifice, in Female Eyes; (rise,
 Become the Mournfull memorie of his *Hearse*,
 Stop Muse: least thou prophane it with thy Verse.

uprta209

Vivit post Funera Virtus.

AN ACROSTICK upon his
N A M E.

Well, all most stoop to death, none dare gain-
I f it command, of force we must obey: (say
L ife, honour, Riches, Glory of our State,
L yes at the all disposing Will of Fate:
I f it were not so, why then by sad loud thunder
A nd sulph'rous crasbes, which rends the skies
M ust a brave Cleland by sad destiny. (asunder

Cull'd out a Victim, for his Country die.
L o, here's a Divine Hand, we find in all,
E ternal VVisdom had decreed his fall.
L et all lament it, while loud fame reports
A nd sounds his praise in Country, Cities, Courts
N o old forgetful Age shal end his story.
D eath cut his days, but could not stain his glory

FINIS.

CORONAT OPUS.

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